TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1928 | NUMBER 45

The story of the
House that crossed the Cañon

"This avvyation," the puncher said, "it's raw;
Things is too certain. Now take a proper test,
Like when Hank sailed the bunkhouse 'crost the draw;
That was the kind o' flyin' we done out West!"

I, A Lord of Language

THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE. By ROBERT H. SHERARD. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by HALDANE MACFALL

HERE we have a biography of Oscar Wilde that is going to count. The picturesque cover of this important book must be a pleasant surprise for the uneasy shade of Oscar, wheresoever it may be flitting amidst the winds that blow between the worlds—nor would he even resent the suggestion of prison bars upon its tasteful design, for his sensitive soul must have been lacerated by the commonplace covers that were wont to hold the "masterpieces" that "I, once a lord of language" flung with disdainful, arrogant, fat, white hands to the vulgar English-speaking peoples.

Sherard gives us a passable portrait of the man, but he weakens what is so far the best life of Wilde by devoting the greater part of his book to a futile attempt to try and convince the world that Wilde was "martyred" by the English-speaking peoples for lapses when he did not know what he was doing, and he dins this pseudo-pathology into our ears through page after page of repetition. Wilde was not sent to jail for his writings, whether approved or disapproved, but for his notorious practice of a vile vice which is severely punished by the law of the English-speaking race.

It is a great pity that Sherard did not break straight away into his very able account of the Wilde household out of which Oscar was born, instead of dragging in as preface a passage from stout old Dr. Johnson's tribute to poor Richard Savage that his misfortunes were "the consequences of the crimes of others rather than his own." The cap does not fit Oscar Wilde.

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde when he was born in Dublin City in the October of 1854,

(*Continued on page* 928)

Too Soon—and Too Late

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE is an insidious temptation to be always making great things of small, to deduce nations from little books and races from the words they use. Count Keyserling, in this *Review*, has already had his intellectual spree with the character of the English, and set thinking even those he did not convince. The temptation should be resisted when the impulse to explain everything quickly and neatly is strong; it should be yielded to with passion when there is hope of solving, not a world problem, but the enigma of a man or a book. In criticism, much must often be attempted if a little is to be achieved. The deadness of much scientific—and much esthetic—criticism of literature results from its very narrowness. An acre is cleared complete of its jungle, but the jungle of human mystery crowds back. We have learned the order of Shakespeare's plays, whence Milton drew his mythology, and what sickness grasped the mind of Poe; we have learned, what have we learned?

I have been reading the short stories of the American, Joseph Hergesheimer,* called "Quiet Cities," and the short stories of the Englishman, D. H. Lawrence,** called "The Woman Who Rode Away." They are not ordinary books, or ordinary men. Hergesheimer is too idiosyncratic to be a symbol of his America—what strong writer ever is truly representative of his nation, and Lawrence is too much Lawrence to be a voice for England. And yet these books could come, each of them, only out of their characteristic social environments. One learns from them something as to what we are on this side of the Atlantic, and something that is stirring deeply in the soil of the other side, and if this learning is a by-product, the books are not less revealing because of an attempt to make of them a lesson in national cultures. Not far enough—too far, is the motto I should choose for them, an epigram of both social and literary implication.

They are books of nostalgia. Hergesheimer is an antiquary with an artist's brooding consciousness of the beautiful vitality of things completed because they are past. His book of nine stories is a museum of the new style made fashionable by the American wing of the Metropolitan, where, with meticulous accuracy and an equal care for the continuity of life, he assembles a stage scene, dresses his characters, prepares their dialogue, supplies credible motives, and directs the piece with a skill that makes his imagined history as realistic as modern acting and as suggestive as a setting by Gordon Craig. Albany, Charleston, Natchez, Boston, Lexington, Pittsburgh—the romanticists of the 'nineties who wrote of these places in historical perspective were children beside Hergesheimer. Their sets were like the back drops and wings of "East Lynne," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," their characters spoke melodrama, their plots were borrowed from Scott, Dumas, or the Chanson de Roland. They did not love the past; it was only an excuse for romanticizing. They were not really curious as to life—a pageant rose-lit sufficed for them, and one romantic colony was like another.

But Hergesheimer, the deftest restorer of antiques in our time, has that creative curiosity which amounts to passion. His fiction is like his house in West Chester to which he so often and so lovingly refers, a place for collections, not dusty, musty, but restored to shininess, grouped as in life, touched with imagination, until the companies of youth paddle out from Albany to the Spring wooing on the islands, the squaw fills the pipe for old Thomas Armit and touches a coal to the tobacco, the pages of St. Philip's register flutter under Colonel Fearnes's hand, Lafayette flushes beneath his red hair, tight-lipped Boston merchants remember dancing naked on the sands of the Marquesas, feudalism's last glow hangs over plantation life, scalps are taken, democracy is a religion, eyes are gouged.

And yet there is something childish, too, in Hergesheimer. He is like Mr. Ford who makes all the roads of the world to run together, and then buys an inn, a fiddler, and a horse car. Fascinating these stories are, but it is a fascination of the sense, and a tickling of the intellect. Indeed they, and the life they pretend to recreate, are as decorated as a Ziegfeld show and as simple. The simplest emotions suffice, the most obvious reactions. Indeed it is not human character, as such, that interests the author, but only human character under conditions that are different and more desirable than our own. He does not tell us more of life, but only more of life as it was in a past that seems to his nostalgic imagination more vivid and more livable than the industrial present. Like the oldest romancers, he sings the deeds of ancients who were men like ourselves, but greater because they had more to do, more to see, more to overcome. His heroes, indeed, are not men and women at all, but the shimmering Mississippi, the dreamy wharves of Charleston, the Kittatinny trace, Natchez glamorous on its bluff, the interior of a Colonial house. He is a phase, a symptom of a civilization getting older, moving faster, losing

* Quiet Cities. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

** The Woman Who Rode Away. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928.

This Week

"Drawing." By *W. A. Dwiggins.*
"Quatrain. By *William Rose Benét.*
"Ireland and Europe."
Reviewed by *Robert Dunlop.*
"Portraits of the New Century."
Reviewed by *J. W. T. Mason.*
"Physiology."
Reviewed by *Logan Clendening.*
"Thérèse."
Reviewed by *Christopher Morley.*
Mr. Moon's Notebook.
By *William Rose Benét.*
"A Mirror for Witches."
Reviewed by Edith Olivier.
"The Axe."
Reviewed by *Edith Oliver.*
"Exile."
Reviewed by *Padraic Colum.*

Next Week

Some Impressions of America.
By *A. E.* (*George Russell*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

youth before energy, recalling hot blood, quick acts, rich scenes, lost opportunities—the reverse of philosophy, the reverse of real introspection. Retrospective romance, conducted in a fashion worthy of a country that now can master any technique,—that is Hergesheimer.

The book of D. H. Lawrence is like a reptile house in a sophisticated Zoological Garden, where amongst natural backgrounds strange, unexpected creatures, often horrible, crawl and twine, emerging a slimy length from a patch of innocent grass, a scaly, sinuous body above the dimpling of a flowered pool. They are all alike in that they come from some earlier age of the world, all of them instincts winding blindly up through use and wont, all reptiles, though so different in appearance; yet it is as hard to make precise their forms as it is easy to picture Hergesheimer's costumed past. The story always lies beneath the words—sometimes more obvious than the words themselves, sometimes elusive and incomplete. That unhappy wife who wearies of her respectability in a society organized for women—something in her breast carries her off to the hidden Mexican village where maleness still dominates and a woman is still a creature of prostration and sacrifice. The pale London intellectual grasped by that hard miner's wife in the North, how his brittle ideas crackle when her sex need clutches him; how that other poor dilettante actually dies of reality when his unsatisfied wife calls back her dead and vigorous lover; and there is the man who loved islands, who shut himself from his world to be happy, and was eaten by the costliness of nature, seized, unprotected, by the loosened instinct of sex, killed by the elements themselves when he ran at last from his kind altogether!

* * *

Lawrence is no antiquary, not even a collector. He puts his discoveries in a museum, as science does, not for love, but for revelation. Beside his primitive instincts revealing themselves, beside his shrill thesis that the maleness is going out of man and the ancient dark forces are revenging his sterility, Hergesheimer's century-old antiques seem toys, like a ···x-works show set up outside of Stonehenge or an ibition of laces in the pictured cave of Nuyaux. .awrence's nostalgia is for something beyond civi- tion. His curiosity is not for deeds, opportunities, sights, smells, lovely sounds, but for the inner darkness of the mind itself, the nucleus which resists while civilization builds a dancing impermanent shell around the atom. He is the sunflower weary of time.

And Lawrence as a literary artist belongs in an England and in a Europe that has grown out of enthusiasm for itself, that no longer so much as desires to recover its unreflective and sensational youth, but is beginning to experiment with new forms of character, new attitudes, and a new soul. The British Labor Party seems—and is—a far cry, but its concern with a different kind of living is as un-American as Lawrence. Russia has subtle resem- nces. There is no health in what we have re- ıtly been, is the Russian thought, short-sighted per- ɔs, and as neurotic as Hergesheimer is naive. It is too soon for Americans to feel that way—too late for Europe to be confident of her present energies, nostalgic only for an historic past. The maleness, as Lawrence in his queer pathologic way puts it, has gone out of her. She must seek the dark forces. America may be sexless, but not unsexed. An American may desire to be a century younger, but it is the middle-aged man's pleasant sense of the virility he once could waste.

* * *

I wish that Hergesheimer might have written some of these Lawrentian stories. How he would have made that templed Mexican village glow and reproduce its visible image. But it is impossible. For him, the woman would have meant adventure. The deep churning forces of sex obscurely uniting themselves with the struggles of mankind to restore the hot heat of the sun and make man virile again, are as outside of his wish as his power. If Lawrence is febrile, Hergesheimer is dormant, and is no more concerned with such dark matters than the plumber in his motor with proletarian needs. And in return, how Lawrence would have written the story of voodooed Charleston, of that octoroon glamorous with naked fires, the debasing negro magic that poisons the white mind! Hergesheimer plays with the theme as a white boy might play with a Hopi rattlesnake, aware of its deadly beauty, innocent of its symbolism. But Lawrence would have quite lost Charleston itself. Dreamy, human beauty, savoring of content, good manners, pleasant acts, men and women with leisure to be merely charming, merely good—that is outside of his sympathy and perhaps of his understanding. His stories lie in the cypress swamps of ruined souls.

Of course it is absurd to let these two men, and particularly Lawrence, serve as exponents of their national cultures. That is to simplify too much. And yet they are magnificently revealing, even to their style. The rather harsh, repetitive style of Hergesheimer, with its infinity of pasted-on detail, and its sudden lucidities where the imagination fuses his antiquities into a living, expressive past, is characteristic of a people still becoming, still experimenting, still believing that skill can accomplish anything. Whereas Lawrence's sinuous reptilian grace has the half contemptuous beauty of a medium so mastered that its unimportance is evident save as an end. Hergesheimer is effort: Lawrence weariness.

If they could collaborate! But there is a century between! And somewhere half way in that century, the American craving for more spirit, more knowledge of the inner life that the Civil War so sharply interrupted in the New Englanders, and Melville, and the unconscious Poe, will be resumed, and then we shall see whether we are sick of body, like Lawrence, or whether our vast energy, now bent upon the production of things, and nostalgia only for a less undifferentiated past, can still be turned into spiritual vigor without the dark magic of savage reversion to brutality and lust.

There will be no Hergesheimer then, but that is not to decry him. The historian of moods and appearances is valuable in literature. Like the humorists, if he does his work well, he lives. Scott and Jane Austen will see out our civilization.

There will be no Lawrences when Europe is well again, but that is not to brush him aside. He is like the psychiatrists. They will go when sick nerves die, or are reinvigorated. He is wise and very skilful, and if, like Freud, he puts the soul in the glands, that is a truer diagnosis than industrialism's contention that a Ford and a bath-tub guarantee content. He is luckier, too, than Melville, who wrote for a nineteenth century so robust that it would not believe in the germs that were cultured out of it. The modern reader neglects Lawrence at his peril. If he fails to read Hergesheimer he will miss a keen and civilized enjoyment. Fortunately it is the privilege of a swift-moving period, when even the air is full of intercommunication, to taste of different ages, different races, different hopes, all at once. But not to be them. Americans may work on from Hergesheimer, Europeans work back from Lawrence. For us, at least, the gallery of antiques seems a safer place than the reptile house. It is better to be too soon than too late.

Erin and Europe

IRELAND AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPE. By Benedict Fitzpatrick. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1927.

Reviewed by Robert Dunlop
Manchester University

DESPITE our objection to its too ambitious title and its rather arrogant preface, we have read this book with ever increasing pleasure. It is really what it professes to be—a work of surpassing interest both for the student and the general reader. We congratulate Mr. Fitzpatrick on the result. Following in the wake of Dom Gougand and making the best use of recent research in England and Germany he has produced a book which does honor to him and places him in the fore-rank of Irish historians. Mr. Fitzpatrick is an enthusiast. He is more than this. He is a ripe scholar. He possesses imagination and lives in the times of which he writes. We feel instinctively that for him Columbanus and Johannes Erigena are living personalities with whom we can hold conversation and from whom we can still derive profit. This is a great achievement.

Not having had the advantage of reading Mr. Fitzpatrick's former work on "Ireland and the Making of Britain," we are unable to offer an opinion on his views regarding the early Christianization of Ireland and of a knowledge of Latin which accompanied it. But we gather from what he says in this book that he regards the Welsh, Scottish, and Northumbrian churches as offshoots from the Irish. Herein we think he is perfectly right. Ireland owes little to Rome and less to Romanized Britain. Her Christianity, as her early crosses and liturgy show, reached her directly, by way of France, from the source of Christianity. It is one of the many services rendered by Zimmer to a better understanding of the subject that he has emphasized the importance of the sea route between France and Ireland. Actually there is nothing strange or novel in this view. From the very dawn of history Ireland was better known to the Egyptians and Phoenicians than Britain. This she owed to the fact that she was the richest gold producing land in Europe. As Hoernes has pointed out most of the gold ornaments preserved in the museums of Europe are composed of Irish gold. The oldest sea-way led through the Straits of Gibraltar. Afterwards, when Marseilles became the chief mercantile port of the Mediterranean, an overland route, on the lines of the old tin route from Cornwall, was opened between it, along the Rhône and the Loire, and Nantes. It was along this route that the first Christianizing influences reached Ireland.

For Ireland the Roman occupation of Britain possessed little importance; but with the appearance of the Anglo-Saxons on the scene she was almost entirely isolated from Europe. Left to herself she threw herself energetically into the work of educating her own people. Monasteries and schools sprang up all over the island. Naturally the education imparted in them was largely, though not wholly, of a theological nature. But the chief thing to be noted about these monasteries was their freedom from tradition. Each, under the rule of its own abbot, pursued its own individual course, some more devoted to prayer and fasting, others to the advancement of learning and the transcription of manuscripts. In the healthy emulation thus engendered, Irish scholars found a stimulus for the exercise of their brains. Bound by no traditions they learned to use their own judgment. But pride of intellect was accompanied by a sweet reasonableness and toleration of each other's weaknesses. Nothing is more touching than their determination when the dispute about the proper time to celebrate Easter ran high, to leave the decision to the individual conscience "as each individual would have one day to answer God for his conduct." As in the case of the Quakers of a later time their guide through life was the "Inner Light." This aspect of Irish monasticism has not escaped the attention of Mr. Fitzpatrick. More than once he comments on the remarkable union of an unbending pride in their intellectual superiority with a modest deprecation of any desire to force their opinion on others.

* * *

Thus it came to pass that when the storm of the Anglo-Saxon invasion had died away and the barrier that separated Britain from the rest of Europe was removed, Irish monks, finding an outlet for their suppressed energy and stimulated by the example of Columba's missionary enterprise among the Picts of Scotland, passed over in shoals to the continent of these wandering monks or *peregrini*, with Columbanus at their head. Mr. Fitzpatrick has given a vivid account. But as time passed away and Europe, largely owing to their exertions, began to emerge out of the chaos into which the barbarian invasions had plunged her, the character of the Irish missions underwent a great change. From being peregrini, busy in the work of laying afresh the foundations of religion, they became sophists or "vendors of wisdom." The change of name from Latin to Greek is significant of a new element in the civilization of Europe. As Mr. Fitzpatrick says "there has been much solemn discussion by the Ireland never this and the Irish never that school as to whether the superiority in Greek knowledge which Irish literati displayed abroad was acquired in Ireland or on the continent." But the question is not so unimportant or to be so easily settled as Mr. Fitzpatrick supposes. It has been shown by Brehier that in the time of Charles the Great swarms of Orientals, Greeks, Jews, and Syrians, driven from their homes by the sword of Mahomed, found a refuge in Europe. No where were they more welcome than at the court of Charles and their influence in art, literature, and science is indisputable. And Strazygowski, whose name we miss in Mr. Fitzpatrick's admirable Bibliography, pressing the matter home, has shown that the knowledge acquired by the Irish literati was not book Greek, but a colloquial knowledge of the language, derived from personal contact with these Oriental refugees. That many of these refugees went to Ireland appears an undeniable fact, so that "the upshot," to use Mr. Fitzpatrick's phrase, seems to be that a knowledge of Greek might be as readily acquired in Ireland as on the Continent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Portrait Gallery

PORTRAITS OF THE NEW CENTURY. By E. T. RAYMOND. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON

THE publishers announce on the jacket of this volume that the author "is an English clergyman." Far from it. "E. T. Raymond" was the pen name of the late Edward Raymond Thompson, editor of the London *Evening Standard*, who died this spring as his last volume of biographical sketches, "Portraits of the New Century," was leaving the printers' hands. Mr. Thompson contributed largely to the success of the *Evening Standard* by his daily political editorials—"leaders" in the parlance of English journalism—based on outstanding topics of national interest or on the personalities of leading figures in England's national life. He had a remarkably quick intuition in reaching conclusions that stood the test of Fleet Street, where memories of those who read the political columns in newspapers linger for more than a day. Trained in the trans-Atlantic journalistic requirement for accuracy as well as rapidity of expression, Mr. Thompson had the advantage over most writers of biography of living within the environment of his subjects and knowing the drama of events as an onlooker from behind the scenes.

He took as sitters for his present portraits representative Englishmen in many walks of life who were in their prime during the first decade of the new century, thus giving the secondary title to his book, "The First Ten Years." Across the pages, in quick succession pass King Edward VII, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Northcliffe, Sir Beerbohm Tree, editors, admirals, industrialists, and other personages who give to Great Britain its civilization. With this volume alone, it would be possible to reconstruct, in fair measure, what the England of the decade before the world war was in its basic attitude toward life.

In none of his writings did Mr. Thompson ever seek to pose as the erudite historian, giving instruction to the world at large. He once said a biographer could know too much of his subject, and that the specialist writes only for specialists, who criticize one another. He, himself, wrote for the average individual who seeks interesting information and is not concerned in too emphatic pronouncements of judgment. In "Portraits of the New Century" there is no effort to do more than present lightning sketches; but the work is skilfully constructed, phrases that linger falling from Mr. Thompson's pen with the boldness and seeming carelessness of the skilled practitioner.

Edward VII's character is drawn in a manner that throws a new light on kingship, as kings understand themselves: "Despite the catholicity of his friendships, King Edward never long forgot that he belonged to a special and exclusive guild." This "guild," a sort of trade union to which only monarchs are eligible, could well serve as the subject for a psychological volume, which Mr. Thompson's chapter on King Edward suggests. His Majesty was by no means an expert in foreign affairs or in the arts of government, yet, "if he was ignorant of everything they (the experts) had at their fingers' tips, he had a knowledge of men, women, and affairs beyond that of any English king since Charles II . . . What they all forgot was that his way of living, if dangerous, might be extremely educative."

Rudyard Kipling is seen by Mr. Thompson as possessing "high art in patches," but "it was not art for art's sake. The art was exercised for a dozen reasons: to make money, to amuse the author, to advertise the Empire, to oblige a friend, to down a pet aversion, to help a charity, to boom a soldier, to blast a politician." Here, indeed, is a fundamental factor of the British character, utilitarianism never lagging far behind estheticism, the two seeking an association which explains so much in the British temperament inexplicable otherwise.

H. G. Wells "has a sense of the future which is, at least, impressive"; but Bernard Shaw, whose "view of contemporary things" is "valuable and interesting" becomes "woolly and ambiguous" when he looks forward. The thrust must cause G. B. S. to admit a touch: "One remembers how he wrote that the hall of the Ptolemies would, because of its lack of upholstery, seem ridiculously bare to a rich Englishman. Fashion in furniture now decrees that there shall be a bareness in the rich Englishman's halls to correspond with the nudity of the rich Englishman's womankind."

Henry James is shown by Mr. Thompson's standard of judgment to have been "educated very well, but not very wisely. . . . Of the false notions that took root in him during youth, none was falser or more abiding than that civilization and respectability as known at, say, Concord, Mass., were interchangeable terms."

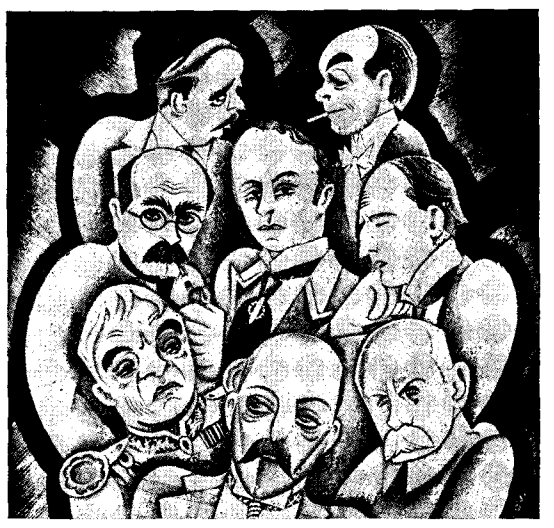
Should civilization and respectability be interchangeable, anyway? Such problems constantly appear on reading Mr. Thompson's sprightly pages. One gets the flavor of a philosophy of urbane cosmopolitanism wholesome and stimulating, and neomodern in its defense of practical results and gentility of conduct.

At Naishapur or Babylon

THE ROAD TO BUENOS AYRES. By ALBERT LONDRES. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

ONCE I was party—accessory after the fact, to be sure, but nevertheless accessory and to this day unashamed—to the publication of the autobiography of a prostitute. It was the straightforward narrative, cleanly written, but bru-



Jacket by Aladjalov for "Portraits of the New Century," by E. T. Raymond (Doubleday, Doran).

tally candid and altogether heart-rending, of a woman who suffered much at the hands of men, beginning with one who turned her out of his house because in her ignorance, for which he was himself responsible, she "fell." After which poverty and the never-ending pursuit of males did the rest. A harrowing business it was, described with terrible accuracy, from the point of view of the woman upon whom men prey.

Then men could not stand it. 'Twas no sort of a tale to spread abroad—suggesting things to maybe unsuspecting minds, and implying the possibility of excuses and condonings for the victims of this most ancient and universal of exploitations. Various and sundry of the unco guid affected to be horrified, and certain of those who specialize in smut and see it everywhere because they live by it and their eyes and thoughts are always full of it, made an uproar and called in the police. Moreover (though that is another story), there were politicians who took advantage of the opportunity and procured a magistrate to pull their chestnuts out of the fire for them.

Never mind that afterward the appellate court acquitted us, finding nothing wrong with the book—as indeed there was nothing wrong with it. The point is that this thing happened æons ago—almost ten years— when "morals" were still "morals." Besides, that story was told by a prostitute, and the whole duty of a prostitute is to attend to her own business, keep out of the lime-light, and in due time, generally a tragically short time, go quietly to—wherever it is that prostitutes do go at last.

That is why, more than it would otherwise, this book, on the same subject, but from an altogether different point of view, interests me hugely. Fascinating as a detective yarn, written as only a Frenchman can write, admirably translated, unobjectionable in words save for what the sophisticated will read into them, it deals with prostitution from the standpoint of the *entrepreneur*, the "pimp," who not only supplies the insatiable trade with its "raw material" of youth and beauty, but lives the while proudly without labor upon the earnings of the most willing slaves whom he procures, dominates, and barters.

The prosecutors and objectors in that old case to which I have referred claimed that the woman's tale did not sufficiently depict the drawbacks, the horrors, of the prostitute's life. One of them even found fault with the fact that the woman was allowed to escape at last and retire to a decent life! I always wondered what they wanted; the story seemed to me fearful enough in all conscience. But this book paints the life of the "pimp" as one altogether agreeable and alluring, and represents his victims as for the most part not finding theirs entirely unendurable. But then, slaveholders always have taken a complacent view of slavery. This book might well attract young men of easy conscience or none to this line of "gainful occupation"; certainly it is far from deterring any such; and it might serve indeed as a sort of handbook of technique in the business, especially informing as to the traffic between France and Argentina.

It is an awful disclosure. It fits like a hand in a glove with the League of Nations Report on the White Slave Traffic. I dare say Argentina will throw a conniption about it; there will be denials; I dare say diplomatic representations. Maybe the specialists in smut will exploit the opportunity—they need something of the sort; collections are not what they were. But the story is true enough, even if unjust to Argentina only because all the world is guilty.

All the world is guilty. "Whether at Naishapur or Babylon," the poor girls, fleeing from poverty or drab life or both, are slipping through the flimsy cordons, usually with official connivance, finding their way by the line of least resistance to the easiest market. In his last chapter, Londres drops somewhat his pose of detached, almost callous observer of phenomena, and points his finger at All of Us, at the whole human society which permits young girls to barter themselves for food.

I hope the book will not be suppressed—unless as is likely that would get it a wider reading. That other book which I helped to publish cannot be had now. That is a pity, because the two, side by side, might have helped to open the eyes of the world to its never-ending shame.

Our Bodies

PHYSIOLOGY. By V. H. MOTTRAM. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by LOGAN CLENDENING

Author of "The Human Body"

THE chief difficulty theologians have encountered in their persuasion of men is that we cannot conceive of a more pleasant existence, or a lovelier world than our own. We can hope, when in pain or overtaken by earthquakes, but hoping is not conceiving. Witness the Christian conception of heaven — a New Year's reception in a George M. Pullman era house, decorated in Louis XIV. Naturally, confronted with the possibility of such an eternity men cling to their present status, and every age is partially obsessed with health and the means of prolonging life. The present one is no exception. Nor are we more fortunate than our medieval ancestors in the character of the advice received. Every sort of magic is offered us, differing not at all in plausibility from that submitted by the astrologers, the alchemists, the familiar spirits, or the soothsayers of that time. One can live healthily and intensively nowadays, by eating certain kinds of food or by eating no food at all, by intestinal gardening ("Il faut cultiver notre jardin"), by thumpings and rubbings and rollings, by ultra-violet lights, or by adopting a philosophy or religion which renders one privy to the purposes of the most high. But God is not mocked, either by vitamines, vegetables, vibrations, or vitology. The laws of biology endure, and there is no justice in them. To accept the responsibilities of youth soberly and to grow old disgracefully seems the only pronouncement of the oracle.

The laws of biology as represented in that especial example of Providence known as the human body are outlined clearly and sufficiently comprehensively in this book by Professor V. H. Mottram. The title, "Physiology," exactly describes the contents (that it was not christened "The Story of Physiology" evokes a gush of gratitude in this reviewer's breast) as they present a description of normal functions with no account of anatomy or of diseased

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

processes (pathology). The book was undertaken in its original form in order to present to the average medical student, aghast at the monumental size of the average treatise on physiology, an authoritative sketch plan of the general field of physiology: later this material was adapted to the needs of the general reader in simple and untechnical language. The idea is an excellent one, and my own hope as a teacher, or at least a professor, in a medical school is that similar volumes on pathology and the clinical subjects such as surgery and medicine will follow. This book of Professor Mottram's would be an excellent piece of special reading for a college course in biology.

Perhaps the best chapter in the book is the one on food. The executive committee of Childs's restaurants is particularly commended to this sentence from page 152: "The grand mistake of vegetarians is that they assume that because peas and beans contain protein they are as valuable as meat in human dietary." It appears strange, however, that in so excellent a chapter no account of the intermediate carbohydrate metabolism is attempted, and that the only reference to insulin in the book is confined to a sentence in the chapter on the endocrine glands.

Professor Mottram presents us with no magic. It seems hardly to have occurred to his agile and interested mind that anyone could or would care to preserve life after the machinery had run down. Only once, and not very successfully I am free to confess, does he allow himself to be engulfed in philosophic speculation, and that is when he propounds the possibility that Rome and Greece fell on account of too much bathing. At any rate, it is a danger from which the descendants and present inhabitants of those principalities, so far as my own observation goes, have been happily and effectively delivered.

I, A Lord of Language

(*Continued from page* 925)

seems to have gathered to his naming most of the comic fairy godmothers. As he came to manhood he cancelled all but the Oscar with an indignant of shame from his signature. The father, Sir liam Wilde, a genius in surgery, was given to l ways with women and fathered a tribe of nat- children. The mother, Jane Francesca Elgee, famous in her day as Speranza, a tall girl of reckless tongue, wrote the now famous appeal to Ireland urging the overthrow of the British—a piece of prose far more clean cut than any her son was to achieve; but she shrank from the acts that sent her unfortunate dupes to the jail and the gallows—and the son Oscar inherited this shrinking from bodily harm. Sherard shows us this home in Dublin, the ramshackle and untidy resort of all the wits, and we see the two boys, Willie and Oscar, being reared amidst the loose talk. Drinking was very heavy. The father was so slovenly in his dress that he gave the renowned Father Healy the point for his ever- ly wit, when, someone having crossed from lyhead by sea, complaining that it was "the dirtiest ht he had ever seen," Father Healy promptly remarked: "Then it *must* have been Wilde."

Speranza had hoped the second child would be a girl, and brought up the heavily built Oscar as a girl and dressed him as a girl until his bulk made it impossible to continue the farce. Sir William Wilde flung his money into founding a hospital and the relief of suffering and—Speranza had little money sense—it was no unusual sight to see bailiffs seated in possession in the hall of the big house. Lady Wilde clung to youth with passionate desire, and she transmitted the feminine weakness to Oscar.

Even at school the tall heavy lad who never played games was noted for his quick and daring wit. At seventeen he enters Trinity College, Dublin. But the ambitious youth, who invites a fellow-undergraduate to his home where they have "founded a Society for the Suppression of Virtue," was soon aching for wider worlds to conquer. At eighteen he makes for Oxford, winning a Magdalen scholarship of ninety-five pounds a year for five years.

Of a quick, alert, and wholly superficial mind, Oscar came at once under the influence of Walter Pater, of Ruskin, and of the whole Esthetic Movement then at its height; and his innate insolence and arrogance wedded to a very great charm of manner, his intellectual daring, and his reckless disregard of personal ridicule, soon brought him to the front as the destined mouthpiece of the movement. He knew little of painting, even less of music which always bored him; but he spoke with such authority that he could utter the phrase "a splendid scarlet thing by Dvorák" whilst he could scarce tell "God Save the King" from "The Last Rose of Summer." Gifted with a rare, deep, sonorous, and beautiful voice, he early rid his tongue of the Irish accent and mastered the Oxford manner.

Wilde never grasped the basic significance of the Arts; he picked up from Whistler the hackneyed falsity that Art was for Art's Sake, then universal in France, by which is meant that Art is beauty of craftmanship. He had no other God, and he gave himself up to the worship of this falsity. But it was Oxford that Sherard, himself an Oxford man, blames as a hotbed of vice in which Wilde learnt the evils of sexual perversion. He was already writing verses about "fair slim boys," and when he came out to the world after prison he frankly defends "the frequentation of Sporus" as being no more "criminal that the frequentation of Messalina." In the June of 1878, at twenty-four, he wins the Newdigate with his dull poem "Ravenna" and, strutting it like cockerel, he sets forth to conquer social life in London.

* * *

Wilde was a shameless social snob—he worshipped the well-to-do, the successful, and titles. But his means were narrow, and he had to rely on being "different from anybody else." By fantastic dress and pose and effrontery, he was become by twenty-six the butt of the comic press. His wit made him a lion much sought after by the lion-hunter. He decides to risk a throw for wealth by lecturing in America, so publishing his "Poems" on Dutch hand-made paper bound in parchment, he turns to the conquest of the New World. He takes with him an actor's make-up box and dyes his hair yellow. He is "disappointed with the Atlantic," but being accused of "discovering Mrs. Langtry" he confesses with rapturous ecstasy that "he would rather have discovered Mrs. Langtry than have discovered America."

So Oscar made his effort to conquer America and failed. He was interviewed lying on couches smoking gold-tipped cigarettes, but so much was he aware of his failure that he left the aesthetic fooleries and mummeries behind. He makes for Paris—finds the Bohemian farce out of date—and cuts his hair. To Paris he takes copies of his "Poems" and sends them to the celebrities of the day. But he chills his hosts with his affectations and insincerities. He "made up" too heavily and had his hair curled daily. His hands were too manicured. He plays the ape to Balzac, wears elegant costumes, adorns himself with jewellery, carries an elaborate ivory cane set with turquoises. As insult, he produces the dullard play of "The Duchess of Padua," which was to have ranked him with the Elizabethans. Then he flips to aping Baudelaire and writes the futile "Harlot's House." He lives in ostentatious luxury, but his small Irish estate has yielded its last penny. So the summer of 1883 sees him back in London in two small rooms seeking a livelihood but still on occasion making an outward show of opulence—he smokes Parascho cigarettes, but when he dines at the Café Royal with Whyther, their dinner is a modest grill—with a cheap claret. His lectures reveal people creeping stealthily out of the hall. He makes the acquaintance of pawnbrokers. It must have been wonderful to hear Oscar Wilde pawning his watch!

* * *

Suddenly promise of relief comes. In the May of 1884, at thirty, he marries a charming girl, the gentle-soul'd Constance Lloyd, of wealthy connections, with a dowry of but a couple of hundred pounds a year but heiress to considerable wealth. They settle at a little house decorated by Whistler. At thirty-four he writes his fairy stories, "The Happy Prince"—at thirty-seven "The House of Pomegranates." To his distress he is rapidly putting on bulk and his white hands grow ever more flabby and fat. Then his flippant insolences put him foul of Whistler—and Whistler further empties his lecture halls. Two sons arrive to him. He takes up the editorship of a *Lady's Magazine*—strutting it as editor, arranged in elegant attire by the fashionable tailors, glovers, and hatters, and wearing a half-guinea buttonhole bought in Bond Street whilst poor Mrs. Wilde has to borrow money from a neighbor to buy shoes. He tells his hostess at a country house that he spent his morning taking a comma out of one of his poems, and the afternoon in putting it in again.

At thirty-six Wilde makes a bid for fame and attempts the novel; he writes the wretched literary abortion, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and at thirty-eight follows it with "Lord Savile's Crime," which showed him as incompetent to write short stories as a novel. But it was now, when his career looked miserably hopeless, that Wilde was to find himself and come to sudden affluence.

Catching at the vogue abroad for plays written upon the Gospels, Wilde was swift to see a drama in "Salome;" and he wrote, encrusted with his cheap affectations and his skill in dragging picturesque words to embroider his pictorial effects, the telling drama of Salome's lust for the head of John the Baptist. It was the prelude to fortune for Oscar Wilde. His hour was at hand. He turned to the writing of social comedies for which his epigrammatic wit particularly fitted him. On the night of the 8th of February, 1892, Oscar being in his fifty-eighth year, was produced "Lady Windermere's Fan." He conquered the town.

* * *

Wilde was to know three years of astounding success—years in which he won triumph after triumph with "A Woman of No Importance," "An Ideal Husband," and "The Importance of Being Earnest." And he straightway proceeded to make of these splendid years one long orgy of extravagant debauch. He frequented the Café Royal. He consorted with questionable companions. His arrogance and conceit became an offence to every decent man. His devoted wife became a mere cipher, and his home but an occasional lodging. He grew bloated.

Suddenly appeared the flippant book "The Green Carnation," which set the town sniggering. The Marquis of Queensberry openly insulted Wilde for his relationship with his son; Wilde stupidly thinking to save his credit, now that he was on a flowing tide, laid the information against Queensberry which was to bring Oscar and fortune crashing to the gutter. Allowed out on bail, Wilde soon discovered that his career was in utter ruin. No hotel would take him in. His own home had been sold up by his creditors. In the small hours of the night he crept into the house in Oakley Street, Chelsea ,which through good and evil days he had provided for his adored mother. Speranza and his brother Willie fiercely forbade flight.

* * *

So he and his companion Taylor were sent to two years hard labor. Wilde went through prison a model prisoner, though his broken nails and his unkempt appearance brought him untold anguish. At last, allowed ink and paper, he wrote that strange revelation of incurable egotism which he called "De Profundis."

In the spring of 1896 his wife had traveled from Genoa to break to him the news that his mother, the one being for whom Wilde had any sincere devotion, was dead. Husband and wife were never to meet again. When he came out of prison he made no effort to join her, but went to Berneval near Dieppe, masquerading as Sebastian Melmoth. "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" was to be his last song. He made for Naples to the vile companions who had been the evil influence of his life. Thence, out at heels, he went back to Paris to the vile life over which the French authorities kept watch day and night to catch him tripping. Then came terrible pains in the head. After consultations it was decided that only an operation by a certain great surgeon could save him, but his fees were unthinkable. Even in face of this final disaster the wit of the man leapt into flame: "Ah well—I suppose that I shall have to die beyond my means!" He died in the charity of a humane landlord of a small hotel and his kindly wife.

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 45.

Copyright, 1928, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Strange Burning

THÉRÈSE. By FRANCOIS MAURIAC. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I THINK so highly of this book that I want to speak with careful understatement. The first thing that attracted me to it was the report that the scene was laid in the region of the "Landes," south of Bordeaux, a country of pine forests, sandy heaths, and salt marshes of which many Frenchmen have told me. Always their words conveyed an impression of a country strange with elemental savors. I had a feeling of miles of pinewoods resinous in the burdensome sun, the drum and shrill of insects, the murmur of the wind. Perhaps it is not unlike our own Pine Barrens of the Atlantic coast, where there is also a rare sense of mystery, of solitary joy and perilous despair. It is a region much at the mercy of forest fires, and the light of a strange burning shines through the dark vistas of this story.

M. Mauriac's short novel (admirably translated by Eric Sutton) is not less than perfect in two capital respects. First in the exquisite delicacy of his study of a mismated woman's heart. His profound tenderness of observation tingles the spine with its loyal fidelity to life. And secondly in the skill of his narration. The first two-thirds of the book is all a retrospective summation of antecedent events; which brings us with a thrilling sense of present instancy to the crisis of the story. There is some danger in this pushing forward of the dramatic elements: it tends to some letting-down of tension in the second cycle; but it also leaves more play to the imagination. Comparisons are silly, yet this book is sure to be considered in parallel with Julien Green's "Closed Garden," as both are studies of provincial feminine despair leading to the edge of murder. It seems to me that the native Frenchman still has the upper hand of the naturalized; where Green was methodical, Mauriac is selective and impressionist; it is the difference between a worthy book and a brilliant one.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

For in this study of Thérèse he gives our slow yet understanding Saxon wits that thrill that French writers were invented to impart. Observe that I do not forestall your pleasure in his modulations on motive by giving away any inkling of the theme. But the story of how and why Thérèse attempted to poison her solid husband (not a bad fellow, as husbands go) has the pure elixir of actuality. It never seems like fiction. On every page, by the simplest allegiance to truth, by that marvellous art of omission in which French fiction is supreme, he implants that quiet sense of verification in which the reader seconds every motion. To the lover of France there is sharp nostalgia in his accuracy of representation. The smell of fog and baking bread in the little Gascon town at dusk, the pictures from the *Petit Parisien* in the garden privy, the gilt lettering on the balcony opposite the hotel, the piles of road-menders' stone along the highway, the clear ribbon of starlight above the forest road at night, the smell of vinegar and geraniums in the restaurant in the Bois—and through all these moves the fine and tragic desperation of Thérèse, enigmatic indeed to the Family in which she was imprisoned, yet so reasonable to us. I am a little puzzled that M. Mauriac in his foreword speaks of Thérèse as "odious." For one loves and understands her perfectly. There is masterly inevitability in the approach to her crime; and few more flashing moments in recent fiction than when she drives the pin through the photograph's heart—the photograph of the man who had granted to her friend Anne the knowledge of bliss that she herself had failed to find.

Perhaps it is for a woman to verify, even if she does not care to admit, the superb and intimate energy of this drama of Thérèse's heart. But even a watcher on the sidelines must see that it is beautiful and witty and dreadful. I wish some of those who rant about "psychology" might observe how in two hundred flawless pages M. Mauriac has given us a portrait of a woman whom we know to the core and whom we are not likely to forget.

The Bodleian Library, at Oxford, now contains about 1,500,000 volumes and more than 40,000 manuscripts. To this collection between 20,000 and 25,000 volumes are added each year.

Mr. Moon's Notebook

May 22nd: *Another "Strange Interlude"*

MY friend Valentine Carple is one of the richer bachelors about town, and does practically nothing for a living. Once in a great while I drop in upon him for a cocktail, over on the upper East Side, by the River. Usually he has people around him at the cocktail hour. This day I was fortunate enough to find him alone. He does not care much for the dramas of Eugene O'Neill. "A stranger interlude than anything in that interminable play became an experience of my own not so long ago," he told me, freshening my glass. "Only it's one of those fragmentary experiences that remain hanging in the air. And the haunting hasn't recurred. The nice twist to it, though, was that I appeared to be on the other end of an actual seance that must have happened sometime back in the 'eighties." "The other end? How do you mean?" "Well, as a matter of fact, I've set it down, written it out, had it typed,—O, not for any psychical research society or anything,—just did it for my own amusement. Here it is," he opened a desk-drawer, "take it home with you and read it at your leisure. Caroline thought it amusing, though too trifling, perhaps, as to style. She says I ought to make a regular story out of it,—but, Hell, that's all the story there is. And I wouldn't have taken any stock in it if I hadn't seen the Admiral that second time, and if *she* hadn't seen him, and taken him so casually. He was trying to say something to me that second time; to keep my mouth shut, I suppose. But the cat was already out of the bag. You'll see, however. The incident involves one in certain speculations concerning Time. I was the Future, yet they saw *me;* at least, Isaiah saw me. And when he really saw me, as a matter of fact I wasn't even born yet, or else I was a mere puling infant in a crib! The only thing I have on them is that laughing lady. She is what amused Caroline. We can't place her among our forbears. But you'll 'get me' when you read it; this must all sound like so much Choctaw to you now."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Later that evening I sat down with Valentine's brief MS. After I had read it, I made a copy of it for myself. Here it is:

The light laugh was ringing in my ears when I swear I woke up and saw them sitting beyond me in the moonlight of the room. Not so terribly transparent at that. Three men and a woman. The woman wore an 'eightyish picture-hat and continued giggling in a rather silly manner. And she actually leaned over and tugged affectionately at the Admiral's near whisker. "Get Isaiah down from there," she gurgled, "and let's all go home." I don't know how I knew he was the Admiral; somehow he looked the build of an admiral. He turned to her rather testily. She was a pretty woman, with the hour-glass figure and long frou-frou skirts of the time. Only she had her knees crossed and kept swinging a neatly shod little foot in front of her. She was of the days when gentlemen ogled ankles, and it was quite evident that she was showing off her ankle. "Of course, Milly," said the Admiral, "you haven't taken this seance seriously from the beginning. I'll admit it has been a failure—"

The second of the gentlemen, who seemed to be sitting astride the footboard of my bed, turned at that and pointed a rather sharp nose toward the ceiling. "As though I had not just been explaining to you," he interrupted, "that it has by no means been a failure. I can see,—I do not know just what it is I am seeing, but it is something most peculiar—"

At this moment the third of the gentlemen relieved the tension by attempting a song. He produced two verses in a rather fogged baritone before they stopped him. He was dapperly dressed, though his evening clothes were cut oddly, and the silk hat balanced rather rakishly askew on his head was of a contour superseded in my own day. "Jeff!" they both said sharply. But, as I remember it, he thus delivered himself:

The lingering sunset across the plain,
Kissed the rear end of an East-bound train,
And shone on a passing track nearby,
Where a dingbat sat on a rotten tie.

He was ditched by a shack and a cruel fate,
The con high-balled, and the manifest freight
Pulled out on the stem behind the mail,
And she hit the ball on a sanded trail.

"*Jeff!*" the Admiral demanded again, and he stopped. But he turned to tweak the shell-pink ear of the lady named Milly. "Jeff must be seeing something peculiar, too!" giggled Milly. "And what a wonder it would be if *all* of us weren't seeing something peculiar!" "Hush!" said the Admiral, peremptorily. "You, Isaiah, obstinately contend that we are *not*, at present, seated atop this tower of mine, but sojourning in some invisible gentleman's invisible bedroom. Obviously, I find that difficult to believe. In fact, I entertain grave fears for your reason. Be careful of yourself upon the coping there,—do be careful!"

But the Isaiah referred to merely lifted his feet and clasped his knees, as though he sat solidly upon a far wider and firmer support than the end of a spool-bed, and gazed aloft through the wall as if he were contemplating the stars. "You say," he said, "that I sit upon a battlement. I assure you that I feel walls around me; that I perceive over there—" he darted out a misty wrist and hand and pointed to my chiffonier on the Admiral's left, which the latter's bulk partly, and foggily, occulted,—"the shadowy outline of a chest-of-drawers. You say—"

But at this point I cleared my throat and sat up in bed. "Pardon me—" I began. However, neither the Admiral, nor the person called "Jeff," nor the lady addressed as Milly, nor the recreant Isaiah, seemed in the least aware that I had spoken. Isaiah, though, suddenly shifted his position to look in my direction, a movement that brought a musical scream from Milly and caused both the Admiral and Jeff to rise, reaching forward, and strongly to seize Isaiah's coat-tails. "Idiot! You'll be over the edge in a minute!" puffed the Admiral.

"*I* say," said Isaiah, "that right out *there* (he pointed directly at my face) appears to me an interesting figure that seems to be—er—sitting up in bed." "Oh, yes, indeed, out in the sky there," suggested Jeff with mockery. "Come, Isaiah," he said more kindly. "Surely our heads are clear again, after that stuffy waiting around for spirits—and *with* spirits (he put in roguishly) downstairs. There must be enough left in the decanter, at that, for a night-cap. You are really still a trifle—just a trifle—exhilarated. Come down with us now! There is a good fellow!"

"But I tell you I am in a *room,*" said Isaiah. "It extends in *that* direction," he waved his hand toward the end of the room partly occupied by my bed, "and very near me, right there, a shadowy human form. It must be the visitant we have been expecting! Don't you, don't you—?" (He leaned forward again to peer more closely at me, and his two companions's arms engirdled him and promptly dragged him back and off my footboard.) "Fools!" he cried. "Oh, it's *going* now! But I saw—"

Between them, however, they supported and turned him. And then I saw them raise the blueish phantom of what was quite evidently a square hatch-cover from the centre of my rug before the fireplace, and descend (preceded by the lady of the silver giggle) phantasmally through the floor of my bedroom, still involved with the now scarcely struggling Isaiah. "There, old man,—there, old man—" they were saying. "*Extremely* drunk!" was the last exclamation of the Admiral, in a gusty whisper.

It made me feel most peculiar, as though, according to what they conceived to be their environment, my bed were waggling out into empty space off the end of the tower to which they had referred. But sleep, and the state of my head, (that night I had attended a party both jovial and late in dispersing) intervened just then. When I awoke, the whole thing seemed merely a preposterous oddity of dreaming.

It was a week later, at five o'clock, that I gave Prudence and Caroline tea in my humble apartment. At least, none of us took tea, and neither did "Duck" Quackenbush, who came along a little later and mixed a new kind of cocktail that is known, I believe, as a Bandmaster. I had had three Bandmasters and was sitting at the haughty Caroline's feet, trying to explain Ouspensky to her, when it gave me a slight shock to note the Admiral standing,—well, the only phrase for it is "in the midst of" the table at the other side of the room. He was peering at me and shaking his head violently, in close proximity to a particularly good Seurat that hung behind him. He did not altogether obscure it.

"Ha! Another part of the battlements!" I really could not avoiding ejaculating.

"What did you say?" drawled the serene and graceful Caroline.

"Stage direction from 'Hamlet,' I announced cleverly. "Did you see that plain-clothes 'Hamlet,' several seasons ago?"

"I never could bear plain clothes, my dear," drawled Caroline.

But I was still staring at the Admiral. And then Caroline knocked me galley-west by remarking coolly, "Oh,—Oh, I see,—it's that,—it's *him!* What a liar you are, Val dear. Isn't he rather a dove, the old Admiral? But what is he signaling you about?"

"Good Lord,—you see him, too?" I gagged, gazing up into her peerless eyes. "Dear Val—so stupid. I've seen him for the last five seconds. I do, every once in a while; but never *here* before. And what have you 'got' on him? He isn't looking at me. He's trying to get something over to you."

I took off my glasses, rubbed my eyes, put my glasses on again. He was still there, waist-deep in the table. Harassed beyond words, he looked. "But why should *you* see him?" I asked Caroline, while I shook my head at the Admiral, who, in turn, shook his, violently, at me.

"He's my grandfather," said Caroline, quietly.

"Wha-at?" I yelped.

"Here, what's come over you people?" asked "Duck" Quackenbush, approaching with the still delicately tinkling shaker.

"The Admiral," said Caroline, maliciously. "He's standing—just behind you!"

"Duck," of course, turned, swung around again, laughed lightly. "*Fool,*" was all he said, grinning, because he is fond of Caroline. He passed on to attend to Prudence's prudent thirst.

"Your grandfather was," I resumed, "—why, of course, —Admiral Urquhart!"

"Right, Valentino," said Caroline.

"But how does his ghost—?"

"I know as little as you do," she answered. "All I know is, there he stands.—O! At least,—he doesn't, any more."

The Admiral had vanished.

"You don't seem in the least disturbed," I finally said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I haven't been doing anything wrong," said Caroline. "If I were, perhaps, and he came,—but he always did have good manners,—he never intruded."

"But how the devil could there ever have been a tower," I burst out, "where a New York apartment-house now stands?" Then I decided to tell her the whole thing; and did so, briefly.

"I've got it,—of course,—" she interrupted my imposing conclusion. "But I gather you never heard of 'Old Urquhart's Folly'?"

I shook my head.

"When New York was somewhat different, my great grandfather built it up in this direction, over on this upper East Side that is now becoming so popular. A most peculiar looking dwelling, with a tower on top. My grandfather inherited it. It stood, in fact, till he died,—when I was about eight. I've heard family stories of how he used to entertain his cronies up there, after he had been sometime a widower. Reports I am sure were 'grossly exaggerated.' Still,—that 'Milly.' Really, Val, you shouldn't have told me. How extraordinary of Grandfather!" Her laughter rippled. It seemed to me of a much more enjoyable *timbre* than Milly's ghostly giggle.

"He had two principal cronies," Caroline went on, when her mirth subsided, "Isaiah Quackenbush,—and—Geoffrey Carple."

"'Duck's' grandfather,—and *mine?*" I stammered. Then, after a moment's reflection: "Sha'n't we tell him?"

"Tell 'Duck'? He'd merely think we were more than usually crazy."

"This is *astounding!*" I said.

"Nigh that tower, in the olden days," Caroline rejoined, dreamily, "flowed freshly, in all its sinuous beauty, the wild East River. The Loquat Indians frequently beached their canoes and cherished their campfires along the alluvial borders of that superb estate—"

I snorted. Caroline loves to be silly. "As for my own forbear," I put in, "he domesticated in a crooked red house down below what is now Greenwich Village, as I remember. But was your grandfather given to seances?"

"Oh, quite," said Caroline, "he was quite a spiritualist in his time. But," rising, "I promised Fortune I would be at Carnegie this evening—"

"You'll let me give you a lift in my car, of course, Caro," called "Duck," from across the room, as he saw her ready to depart.

"I quite expected it," drawled Caroline with a smile.

Prudence wafted off with them. I was left to my reflections. The next day I had a note from Caroline. It read merely: "Don't give Grandfather away, will you? He looked so worried."

Well, is this giving him away? I suppose so. But "Milly," after all, quite attracted me—even if she wasn't any of our known grandmothers.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

(To be continued)

Witchcraft at Work

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES. By ESTHER FORBES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH OLIVIER
Author of "The Love Child"

WITCHES and their broomsticks have lately been "in the wind." Their literature increases, not only in volume, but in dignity. We have moved far from the disdain with which the nineteenth century,—that Age of Reason,—dismissed such "foolish superstitions" to the limbo of contempt; and, while the study of demonology is a branch of the science of history, witches wing their way through the pages of modern stories.

"Lolly Willowes" was a light-hearted book. Sylvia Townsend Warner's witches and warlocks were a joyous crew, merrily meeting outside the village for their secret rites, and their story was unsubstantial, light as air, and playfully ironic.

Esther Forbes is ironic too, but here is a very different irony,—that deep, tragic irony which culminates in St. John's Gospel, in the creations of the Greek dramatists, in Thomas Hardy. Her story has that human poignancy which tears the heart in the account of those witches who really were done to death at Salem, and as one reads "A Mirror for Witches" one feels stream over one the force of that same evil, reasonless torrent.

The scene is set "upon the skirts of Cowan Corners, and but six miles removed from Salem," and the action takes place some twenty or thirty years before the Salem witch-findings. As far as I know (though I may be mistaken), it is not founded on historical fact, but is a rarer thing,—a creation compact of imagination and of sure historic instinct. It is indeed a *tour de force*.

As a tiny child in Brittany, Doll Bilby had seen her parents, and two hundred more devil-worshippers, burnt "in one great holocaust before her eyes, her mother crying out to her most piteously from the midst of flame." Mr. Jared Bilby, the Captain of a Dawlish brig which chanced to have put into the harbor, came upon the scene as the priest was telling the soldiers to let the witch child burn too, and he "caught and held the wild child, who did not struggle against him, as she had against the soldiers. Instead she held fast to him, for even the wicked may recognize goodness."

He took the child, half dead and half demented, to England with him, and thence to Massachusetts, when he and his wife Hannah, who loathed the foundling from the first, crossed the seas to make their home there, and the story is the commonplace, almost sordid, one, of a panic-stricken child, pursued by spite and jealousy in a world where frightful beliefs can clothe the happenings of every day with a fiendlike supernatural character. It is there that lies the amazing technique of the writing. There is its unique ironic quality. As one reads the story, one sees that all its events are entirely normal. But in the poisoned light of fear and superstition they cast huge shadows, which swallow them up and engulf them, till they are no longer the doings of human people, but the awe-inspiring movements of some spectre of the Brocken. And so completely does Miss Forbes identify herself with the mental attitude of the period, that one realizes how the fantastic beliefs generated in a soil of ignorance and fanaticism, can permeate everywhere, so that even the little victim herself believes at last that she is possessed and loved by a demon lover. The atmosphere of the book is entirely true to the seventeenth century.

And the characters which move in this atmosphere are clearly and delicately drawn. They come very near, in spite of their remote setting. The tiny, stunted figure of Doll is full of pathos and beauty; and Jared, with all the characteristics of the conventional sea captain, yet succeeds in being individual and charming. Hannah is a detestable woman, but she is not a fiend, and it must have been very hard not to make her one. She is a disappointed, jealous, credulous creature, with that belief in her own infallibility which attacks the weak mind nurtured on an infallible Book. Mr. Zelley (evidently drawn from the Rev. George Burroughs, and of all the characters in the book, the nearest to history) succeeds in being lovable in spite of the fact that he is described from the point of view of an antagonist. But that is where the originality of the treatment lies all through. Miss Forbes writes in the spirit of the seventeenth century, but her vision is the vision of to-day, and she conveys to her readers this double standpoint.

The "historical novel" is, as a rule, but a hybrid artistic form, and is commonly neither historical nor a novel; but Miss Forbes could, without misgiving, have dedicated this book, with its rare subtlety and insight, to Calliope and Clio for their joint acceptance.

In Medieval Norway

THE AXE. By SIGRID UNDSET. Translated from the Norwegian by ARTHUR G. CHATER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

SIGRID UNDSET here gives us the first volume of her second trilogy, a sufficient proof that she does not take the novelist's calling lightly. Like her previous *magnum opus*, "Kristin Lavransdatter," "The Axe" presents Norway in the Middle Ages with an intimacy of psychological and physical detail that reminds one of Balzac. It may at least be said that no one to whom Balzac's method is repugnant will enjoy a book in which the salient events are few, and the minutiæ abundant and predominantly disagreeable.

It is on the courage of truth, not on the seduction of beauty, that Sigrid Undset bases her appeal. She has realized her people, major and minor, with an energy that leaves us unable to doubt them and, furthermore, she has realized them as individuals. In this respect we are reminded less of Balzac than of George Eliot and Sheila Kaye-Smith. The result in connection with her antique background is both disturbing and stimulating. The Middle Ages so inevitably connotes romance to us that the frequent mention of dead fish and manure heaps demands a considerable readjustment of approach. If we make this, however, we shall find the life of the story very close to us. Olav's rashness and Ingunn's vacillation will soon become our own—or may at least find exemplification in our friends and acquaintances.

There is much beauty in the early phases of the love story which holds the stage throughout the book. But before long the net of circumstance involves the principals in a grim struggle wherein nothing avails but patience. This is precisely the quality lacking in Olav and Ingunn, as in young lovers of later ages. Yet in each there is courage and sincerity of a high order, and these in the end bring the pair together. As the ugliness of fact is nowhere avoided in the setting, so the unheroically human traits of the characters are faithfully developed. Many readers will find the treatment of the heroine in the second half of the book too pathological. The tone is in fact not so much fatalistic, like that of Hardy—and how old-fashioned Hardy seems to us now in this respect!—as scientific, almost medical. We have, not the march of destiny, but a random succession of incidents which casually bring out the good and bad qualities of the lovers. Two fights and a seduction furnish the high points. In brief, "The Axe" is not so much a novel as an experience understandingly analyzed. Not that the style is cold, it is only unflinchingly strict.

It may have been gathered that, despite its sordidness, there is a bracing quality in the novel as a whole. Such is decidedly the case. The landscape backgrounds are done with fine sympathy and reserve. The picture of medieval Norwegian life and customs is most interesting, particularly in the complicated legal questions that arise as to blood-money, marriage tithes, etc. These are skilfully woven into the main story. In fact, so complete is the representation that on laying down the book one has to rub one's eyes in order to be sure that one is in modern America, not on the estate of an ancient Norwegian baron.

Mr. Chater's work in the translation seems less happy here than it is when he is handling a book with a modern setting. He might have read the prose romances of William Morris with advantage. For though the style of "The Axe" is realistic, it should not be made too up-to-date. Quite terrible is such a sentence as "Ingunn had a well-dressed look in all the ample folds of her garments." This is a pity, for in general Mr. Chater's ear and instinct are well above the average. Take for instance, "The pealing of the bells broke in upon their mute and tranquil rapture—the mighty brazen tones from the minster tower, the busy little bell from Holy Cross Church." But the chain of prose narrative will always be tested according to its weakest link.

Maynard's Poems

EXILE. By THEODORE MAYNARD. New York: The Dial Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

"EXILE" is the title of Theodore Maynard's latest collection of poems, and "Bread and Wine" is the poem that dedicates the volume: these two titles are significant, for they show the poet's feeling for the natal place and for the goods that are familiar. Wine and firelight, first sparrows on the roof, daisies with their round young faces, Constable's colors over England—these are the intimations around which his poetry focuses itself. And yet he is by no means the poet of pure objectivity: Theodore Maynard is a mystic, and for him these familiar things, lovely in themselves, have sacredness too—they are revelations of the kindness of God, and of His kinship with humanity.

> Is not earth's beauty but a hint of that which flames
> Beyond the sun? Didst thou not leave me here for sign
> Lily and mustard-tree and sheep and little lambs,
> The wheat-field and the vine?
>
> Birds flash about me, making love and building nests,
> And the kind smiling heavens look down upon their love—
> Comes there not somehow to my breast, and their small breasts,
> The Holy Ghost, the Dove?

The poem that gives title to the book is full of such pictures as an exile draws from the memory of his home-land. But the memory of the home-land is not really the theme of the poem; it is not elegiac; it is written in a heady measure. The poet sees beyond England from which he is an exile, and beyond California with its alien magnificence and the evidences that it has of the exile of other men of other civilizations.

> And here in evidence the plain
> And iron intellect of Spain,
> Her fury hot and cold.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And these blunt arches, innocent
Of Gothic's mystical intent—
Enormous, squat, secure—
Remember how in fierce disdain
The broken chivalry of Spain
Broke at last the Moor.

All men, the poet sees, are exiled, for they all know of a place that their cities have tried to copy.

That city which, in more than pride,
Their kings and architects have tried
To build and nobly failed.

And so, although he "aches in memory" for the natal place, the poet's face is turned towards the other city, and he can praise "God's bitter gift, Exile, the best of all." A stirring and a fine poem!

"A Gray Day in California" has a more delicate music. How tentative, how hesitating, how admirably suggestive of blurred beginnings is the stanza he uses—a stanza made over from the one which has been so often used to give effects of clearness and brilliancy.

Gray and timid, sad and chill
The morning crouches on the hill.
Is this the glad and golden morning
That crouches heavy-eyed and ill?

Yet sunshine taught me love of gray,
Always unvalued till to-day,
When in her vague and timid beauty
The day broke o'er me cold and gray.

There is a philosophic idealist in the poet who made "Autumn Mist." This poem has not been given a title really appropriate to it, and it loses, in my estimation, by being tied up with literal and temporal appearances.

A heap of burning leaves will do it; firs
That rain has draped with jewels are more sure.

"Autumn Mist" has to do with the beauty that has never been expressed, that never has materialized, that is with all that is in the Realm of Essence.

"Alas," I hear the spectral voices float:
"Not less than you do we desire to tear
The stammering tissues from your tongue and throat,
That you may sing; and make the clouded air
Lucent, that you may find us fair.

"'Tis only by our longing you are drawn
To your deep longing: at our breathing move
Your quivering senses in the tinge of dawn
Or when the moon spins mystery in the grove:
We live in everything you love.

"Yet though you closer come we shall elude
Your hands; we fade to make you closer come:
Be your frustration your beatitude!"
The mist grows denser and the voices dumb . . .
The door shuts. I am far from home.

"The Enchanted Forest" is at the other side of "Autumn Mist," for in this poem what has not been realized, what has not materialized, are shapes of fear. The mysticism that is in these poems has not been easily won to. Like all the poets whose mysticism is not an easy attitude, but a real experience, Theodore Maynard knows of spiritual inertness, and he expresses something of what the greatest of mystical poets has named "The Obscure Night of the Soul." It is in this poem "In Time of Doubt."

The fire has sunk to ashes in the grate;
The candle slowly gutters;
And I am left alone,
As cold as coldest stone,
Empty of noble love and noble hate,
Empty of all the passion of belief,
Of ardor and of indignation,
Incapable of Joy or her twin-sister Grief
(And who shall say which is most fair
Or potent for the soul's transfiguration?)
I only have despair.

He wins to faith—a faith that is in "L'amor che move il Sole e l'altre Stelle." In this collection there are the themes which contemporary poetry leaves out—loyalty, companionship, faith, humility; in fact the themes of a poetry that is truly masculine. Theodore Maynard gives us a masculine reading of life in "Exile." There is a passage in one of his poems in which he notes across an English countryside a road the Romans made, grown over now with blackberry and bramble. "The rigid lines were lost in clover." And in "Exile" the stark and bare lines of an austere faith are covered over with imaginings of simple and familiar things; the verse is like the clover—freely growing as against the stinted contemporary verse. It is a joy to find familiar things and the high themes restored as they are in "Exile."

The Bowling Green

THE circulation of the *Saturday Review*, I am delighted to observe, is far more diversified than I had supposed; which I learn from the really startling gamut of correspondence elicited by recent allusions here to the "Sincere Friendship Club." One letter, bearing apparently every possible identification of genuineness, I insist on printing:

Dear Sir, Gentleman I have seen your advertisement in the Saturday Review of Literature of where you have got Women enrolled in your club & where they are adversting for a good husband. I would like to cumanunate with the one on page 741 in your book the last colum of add for Husbands Very neat and attractive highly educated American Girl age 24 sharply figure Methodist. Well I have written to you the same as it is in your Book I sure would like to get in Touch with this Lady that wants a Husband of good character & intelligence honestly & ability Well I have all these qualities I am a man I never smoke I never swear & I have no bad habits what ever & have great ambation & a good character I can give you plenty of Recemondations from people who know me Will be glad to hear from you I remain as yours Respectefully . . .

As we remarked before, the classic utilization of this theme in fiction is O. Henry's story "The Exact Science of Matrimony," in the volume *The Gentle Grafter*. If half a dozen people should be moved to read or reread that enchanting book our allusions to the Sincere Friendship Club will not have been in vain.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A. H. H. writes from Burnwood, N. Y.:

You ask "who was Lord Raglan?" I think I can tell you. He was the commander in chief of the British forces in the Crimean war. He was really too old for the job. He had been aide de camp to the Iron Duke at Waterloo. He was thought to be responsible for that magnificent error, the charge of the Light Brigade. He evaded the issue. He intimated that he had sent Captain Nolan to Lord Cardigan, in command of the Brigade, to "prepare to charge." But Lord C. said that the order, as brought by Capt. Nolan, was "to charge"—which Lord C. did with reluctance. The only man that knew the truth was Capt. Nolan, and he was shot through the head before the charge had gone very far. After Balaclava Lord Raglan died, as much from worry as from his age. I was a small boy at the time, but I have a vivid recollection of the war and its aftermath.

The coat was named much in the same way as the carriage called a brougham after Lord Brougham, and the Wellington boot after the Duke. The Duke chaffed Brougham about the carriage, but Brougham retaliated about the boot. "Damme," said the Duke, "I forgot about the boots. By God!"

How I roared about Father Healy's racing donkey. I have not done laughing yet.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We are familiar with Father-and-Son dinners and golf tournaments; how about a Father-and-Son sonnet festival? The idea was suggested to me by a brace of excellent sonnets written by O. M. Dennis (aet. 45) and O. M. Dennis Jr. (aet. 20). I am holding them in the Folder on the chance that there may be some other progenitorial pairs (male or female) who would like to enter the lists. Meanwhile, to show how pleasantly a father may chaff his heir, I venture to reprint from the New York *Herald Tribune* the little reply written by Mr. O. M. Dennis to a verse by his son that appeared in the Princeton *Tiger:*

Last Will and Testament

Make of my worldly goods a tiny pile,
Heap up the myriad virtues that I lack,
Add then my life work, hideously vile,
So, light a match beneath this goodly stack.
When that is done, perhaps, those curious stains
My person showed for all the world to view
Will be removed. If you have my remains,
I pray thee, Julia, coffin me in blue.
O. M. DENNIS, JR., *in The Princeton Tiger.*

Codicil

In blue, my lass, and mantled as with snow,
In all my unpaid bills strewn lightly o'er me.
Speak to me in those accents thrilled and low,
That ever used unfailingly to bore me.
And above all to my cold, faultless nose
Affix my thumb with fingers wide extended,
So firm that none may charge me with mere pose.
Ah! leave no doubt as to the thought intended.
And so in gravely classic posture passes
A younger prophet of the upper classes.
O. M. DENNIS.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In regard to booksellers in Newcastle (England) our highly esteemed client Helen G. reports as follows:

Last summer Harry and I went over to practise French slang (with a few disastrous results) and, of course, managed to get in some England too. We visited cousins in Sunderland and went to see Arthur Rogers in Newcastle. I'd been corresponding with him ever since P. E. G. Quercus wrote up his catalogue in "Trade Winds," and by that time I was getting alarmed at the prospect of breaking up a nice letter friendship by showing myself. So I wrote that I should feel embarrassed if I should ever meet this stranger whom I knew so well—you know how it feels. He wrote back and said not to worry, just to come in and say "Hullo, I'm here." I did, but he wasn't. When we arrived there was only Confucius, the office boy. He said that Mr. Rogers was "out just now," and when after half an hour's wait we inquired further, he said he'd phone to the Coffee House and get him for us. We were satisfied because it seemed the perfect place for an English bookseller to be in *the morning, instead of at his place of business.*

Handysides Arcade is a little out of the business center and occupied mainly by grain dealers. He's since moved to a more elegant address and added a Lady Secretary. He has a special shelf of books which are his own favorites of the lots he buys. The usual glass covered bookcase for Firsts contains many Montague items, C. E. M. being one of his idols.

He took us out to lunch, but during the course of it got a chance to tell my brother privately and with thoughtfulness most uncommon to a bookseller that he was not going to sell me any more books for some time—I had been spending entirely too much!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Apropos a certain tendency among highbrow pilgrims in London to deprecate The Cheshire Cheese (which they have heard of as being over-touristed) and to inquire for some other pubs (which we do not mention, respecting their secrets) a Fleet Street correspondent writes us in a rich vein of indignation:

They're too fly by half. Why not like the Cheshire Cheese? Cross over there, and look along, the greatest view in London: St. Paul's, with Martin's thin black spire a point of rest there in the foreground. Accident? Not much! It may be rum to think of a whole church created just as a point of rest, not for the individual, but for the view of a cathedral. St. Martin too: for one recalls—one should recall—the writings of Pope St. Gregory *Dialog.* lib. II, cap. 8, as mentioned in the *Paradiso* xxii, 37 ff. It may be rum: but from the doorway of the Cheshire Cheese you see it: and, as J. says, you don't believe it can be as good as that; and you go in, and come out, and it's better.

Perhaps the one ultimate truth about London, if there were any, is that her secrets are saved for you alone; no one else can help you find them. In an old copy of a British magazine called *Architecture* (December 1924) we found a fine little essay by James Bone, *A London Footnote*, in which he says:

The Thames itself with the long "S" it describes between the Tower and Chelsea is in the conspiracy of London mystifications and by its devices St. Paul's seems as movable as Easter, appearing where you never expect it and not appearing where you do expect it. Glancing from Whitehall down Horse Guards Avenue you discern it somewhere in Southwark. It seems to dodge all over South London. You gaze in vain from Westminster Bridge for St. Paul's until you spot it somewhere about Waterloo Station. A distinguished artist who once set out to draw one hundred views of St. Paul's as Hokusai drew a hundred views of Fuji Yama gave in overborne by its mobility.

Then this reticence and elusiveness of London, populace and architecture, is related to a factor which affects both: its weather. The winds do not blow differently in London, nor can the sunshine and moonlight be different, but London has an atmosphere of its own. Westminster is built partly on a swamp, and the Victoria Tower of the House of Lords, for instance, should have been many feet higher, but the foundations on the old river bed would not stand it. Evening mists rise through the stones and tar and in the autumn the golden haze, veil upon veil, comes between London and its business. The coal fires and the river mist still produce the famous London fog in all its varieties from the white volatile clouds to "London particulars." In a great many days of the year it is impossible to see the City church spires from Waterloo Bridge. In the spring the color of London is like the flower and gray-green leaf of lavender and often a blue grape-bloom appears on the silhouetted stone buildings. There are days with a sparkle amid faint purple haze like the depths of an amethyst. London has more than its share of fitful days when the Portland stone towers and spires of the City seen from Waterloo Bridge whiten and vanish, brighten and vanish, like lights turned off and on by the Lord Mayor. Sometimes the sungleam sweeps over the City with a majestic movement, transfiguring the noble façade of Somerset House and bringing sacred fire to the cross of St. Paul's—and in an instant all is gray again.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"After studying for fifty years the peculiarities of weird or more or less normal people who frequent public libraries, Mr. Frank Pacy, the Westminster librarian," said the London *Observer* recently, "told a reporter some of his conclusions. He found that men are fond of 'thrillers,' that flappers prefer rather shocking 'border line' books, and that when grandma was young she preferred that kind too! 'Scandalous' books of fifty years ago, he said, would now be thought dull by school girls. Every librarian has a dark cupboard in which he hastily hides unsuitable books which may emerge at a later date when the general public has developed!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE

***By* Count Hermann Keyserling**

A million Americans know the Europe of the guidebooks. Here for the first time is its heart, culture, and mind. By the author of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher." $5.00

CATHERINE-PARIS

***By* Princess Marthe Bibesco**

"Told with urbane felicity: a tale of immeasurable polish and good wit, a tale to push you with the most intelligent courtesy out of your own confined life."—*New Yorker.* $2.50

The ETERNAL MOMENT

***By* E. M. Forster**

Remarkable short stories by the author of "A Passage to India." "The work of a sensitive fancy and a delicate art."—*N. Y. Sun.* $2.50

THESE MEN, THY FRIENDS

***By* Edward Thompson**

"Rich, exciting, embroidered with passages of glowing prose."—John Farrar, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "One of the best war novels published."—*Yorkshire Post.* $2.50

BURNING BUSH

***By* Louis Untermeyer**

Frontispiece by ROCKWELL KENT. "An earnestness of tone and delicacy of treatment enhances the poems."—*Indianapolis News.* $2.00

CRANMER PAUL

***By* Rolf Bennett**

A novel of the sea. "It is magnificently alive. And at one stroke the author becomes a figure with whom the world of letters must reckon."—Oliver Jenkins, *Concord (N. H.) Monitor.* $2.00

THE WILD BODY

***By* Wyndham Lewis**

Short stories by the author of "Time and Western Man," etc. "It is impossible to comprehend the progress of modern creative literature in English without reading 'The Wild Body.'"—Herbert Gorman, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company

Books of Special Interest

Rembrandt Canon

THE REMBRANDT DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS WITH CRITICAL REASSIGNMENTS TO PUPILS AND FOLLOWERS. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $12.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

WITH this stately quarto Professor Van Dyke concludes those critical studies of the Rembrandt canon which, extending over thirty years, were divulged four years ago in the volume on the paintings. The present book has those merits of clear and orderly presentation with apt use of illustration which distinguished its predecessor. Both, save for the grave lack of indexes, are models of scholarly and literary procedure. Again the standard lists are remorselessly pared down to a minimum of superlative quality. A rough statistic of the results of the entire investigation will be a useful starting point for discussion.

Of the 750 paintings generally ascribed to Rembrandt, eighty-two (of which a half are only "shop-pieces") are left with the master; 338 are assigned to pupils or grouped anonymously; 301 are not accounted for. Of the 303 etchings in Hind's Catalogue, forty-seven have something to do with Rembrandt himself; 137 are ascribed to pupils or imitators; 121 remain unexplained. Of the sixteen hundred more or less accredited Rembrandt drawings fifty-eight (many of these queried) may be his own; 336 are transferred to followers; about eleven hundred remain in limbo. Applying these statistics in terms of a life work, in more than forty years of activity Rembrandt, so far as his extant works show, produced on an average every year a little more than one painting, one drawing, and one etching. Since Rembrandt's work has always been in demand with collectors and his fame never wholly in abeyance, there is no reason to suppose any wholesale loss or destruction of his pictures or drawings. For nearly a hundred years the dealers have combed Europe to recover the Rembrandts. We presumably have pretty much everything that he did. In view of these facts, Professor Van Dyke's minimum canon is staggering to many of his colleagues who entirely agree with him that the critical-commercial lists are egregiously swollen and need drastic reduction. If under the guidance of the professional attributors we surely had far too many Rembrandts, under Professor Van Dyke's leading we appear to have far too few.

The paradox of this book—it is a very interesting case in the psychology of research—is that methods essentially cautious and sound produce extravagant and dubious results. The approach is that of careful stylistic analysis. The author repeatedly surveys the whole mass of works ascribed to Rembrandt, gradually and painstakingly dividing them into stylistically coherent groups. It is postulated that the styles are mutually exclusive and that each group is the work of a separate painter. A coherent group comprising works of highest quality, many of which are surely attested as his by documentary evidence, is set aside as Rembrandt's. The residuum for the moment is simply "not Rembrandt."

Next the certified pictures of Rembrandt's numerous pupils and imitators are examined and it is found that, say, seven-eighths of the stylistic groups can be assigned to one follower or another. Other groups remain anonymous and receive distinguishing letters. A considerable remnant, as our statistics show, is not grouped. The arguments for distributing over two-thirds of the alleged Rembrandts to various imitators are graphically reinforced by pages of cuts set most conveniently side by side. In every formal way this is a model presentation of a very delicate type of research. Why has it led the author so far from the probabilities? The question can be answered only in part.

The analytical part of the work is entirely serious and objective. The stylistic differences are real, based on intent and highly trained observation by one of the finest eyes of our time. Whoever with equal competence repeats Professor Van Dyke's survey, will, we are convinced, accept his stylistic groups as broadly valid. Differences of opinion of an important sort will only arise when the stage of interpreting the groups is reached. Your reviewer finds the mass of the ascriptions to known imitators felicitous and convincing. Where there are exceptions, the difference is one of dialectic, and here the author's basis of interpretation seems open to grave criticism.

It is postulated that a stylistic division must mean difference of authorship. This does not follow. The groups may represent phases of one painter. Another postulate is that, since the list for Rembrandt is very long, but the lists of his known imitators very short, the deficiency in the lists of the followers represents the surplus in the list of the master. This does not wholly follow. The Rembrandts have always been valued. Great pains have been taken to preserve them and to discover them. Until quite recently no pains have been taken either to preserve or to discover the pictures of the Eckhouts, Flincks, Fabritiuses, Koninckx, Horsts, Bols, Van der Pluyms, etc. One would expect their lists to be short. Thousands of pictures of this sort are in little shops or obscure collections from which they will emerge and be listed only when this sort of picture assumes commercial value. We have seen scores of such unclassed Rembrandtesque painting during twenty years observation of the New York art market. In short, while many works by scholars have certainly been promoted to the master's list by a credulous or venal criticism, the bulk of the derivative paintings is to be looked for elsewhere.

Another defect of procedure is that while the lower limit of Rembrandt's expression is strictly defined, the upper limit for his followers, is the blue sky. Thus the Man with a Helmet is by Van Gelder who also did the grand etchings, Christ Preaching and Christ before the People; Daniel's Vision is by Eeckhout; An old Woman Cutting her Nails is by Maes; Tobias and the Angel is by Bol, and so is the small etching, the Raising of Lazarus; Simeon in the Temple is by Van der Pluym; and the Good Samaritan is by Vlieger. In short while Rembrandt gets the benefit of no doubt in work that is ever so little below his usual level, his imitators get the benefit of every doubt with work immeasurably above their known capacity. One is tempted to fall back on the good old Euclidian—*Quo absurdum est!* Let us rather say,—What a tragic *dénoûement* for an investigation conducted with so much labor, skill, and good will!

Again the defect is not of analysis but of dialectic. When a work in the standard list of Rembrandt closely resembles that of a group by one of his scholars, the inference that it is by that scholar is neither imperative nor even inherently likely. More probable is the inference of plagiarism on the scholar's part. The evidence admits of alternative interpretations, and the issue is ultimately settled by one's estimate of quality.

Unhappily these evident abuses of dialectic will tend to obscure the meaning and lasting importance of two serious and needful books. On the larger issue that all the Rembrandt lists are heterogeneous, much padded with alien matter and in need of drastic reduction, Professor Van Dyke amply proves his case. How great the subtraction will be one may only guess. It is easy to imagine the seven hundred and fifty paintings shrinking under a real criticism to some four hundred. The excisions would be largely of small and unimportant pictures. Mr. Hind's list of three hundred and three etchings may well shrink to Dr. Singer's one hundred and fifty. Concerning the drawings, no prediction is possible, but surely of the sixteen hundred many hundreds will survive a less arbitrary dialectic than Professor Van Dyke's. For this necessary work of reconsideration his analytical studies will be most indispensable. Indeed the work should begin with a reinterpretation of his groups.

From the literary and purely critical point of view these are admirable and distinguished books. They will illuminate the art of Rembrandt for many whose list for Rembrandt, if far more niggardly than that of Doctors Bode and Valentiner, is far more generous than that of Professor Van Dyke.

By a regrettable oversight when the review of Julian Green's "The Closed Garden" was published in the issue of *The Saturday Review* of May 12, the name of the translator of the volume was omitted. The book was translated from French into English by Henry Longan Stuart.

Virginia and the French and Indian War

By

HAYES BAKER-CROTHERS

Although much has been written regarding the relations between England and the colonies during the French and Indian War, it has all been from the point of view of Great Britain. This study is written from the colonial point of view. The author sees his subject through the eyes of the people of Virginia and shows the reasons for their attitude toward the French and Indian War.

He concludes that rather than a contest for land, the immediate cause of the War was the Indian trade and that Virginia's conduct was dictated entirely by economic motives and self-interests.

$2.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Francesca Alexander

By CONSTANCE GROSVENOR ALEXANDER

Selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the Fifty Books of the current year notable for typographical excellence. "A just tribute to a rare and beautiful character."—*London Times.* "Her cousin has written this story of her life with keen appreciation of her unusual gifts and beautiful nature. The style of the narrative is well suited to the theme, for it is simple, sincere, dignified, and has a crystalline artistic quality that gives it distinction. And throughout it has the warm human touch that shows it comes from the heart."—*New York Times.* $7.50 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Stark Young's

The Torches Flare

"A witty book, a wise one . . . a novel filled with the response of a sharply original mind to life and its problems."—*Herschel Brickell in the New York Sun.*

$2.50 **Scribners**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

A Book of Receipts

ES SEI WIE ES WOLLE. ES WAR DOCH SO SCHOEN. By ALFRED KERR. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1928.

BOOKS of stray thoughts, impressions, and fancies, jotted down abroad and at home, in a leisurely, informal, yet indefinably attractive manner, come to us occasionally from French, but rarely from German writers. The quotation from Goethe which the author has chosen as title, contains a philosophy of life. Kerr calls it a book of receipts for what he has experienced, thanks for happiness, greetings to sorrow. Though delightfully impersonal and intimate, it touches upon many subjects of general import, social and political. Kerr says: "This book contains no politics, but a political world-feeling," and in the next paragraph states his platform: "Against Versailles. For: a bolder more moral order of humanity. For: the substitution of political morons of habit by artist brains, ready to act."

During a sojourn in his beloved Tyrol he clamors for an undivided Tyrol, recording numerous instances of the resentment felt by German speaking elements against Mussolini's arbitrary edicts of Italianization. When visiting the Armenian convent of San Lazzaro in Venice he hears of the sadistic atrocities committed by German officers on helpless Armenians during the war, he remarks: "Blood clings to German politics." He is reminded of an inscription which he had seen on a wall in some Italian village: "War on all those who wanted the war" and remarks: "A refreshing word. A decent word. Today for every people the best motto. The best motto: War on all who wanted the war!" Such words thrown out at random here and there through the book, plainly show his position; that of a pacifist, but not one of the neutrals who refrain from any frank statement of their sympathies pro and con.

Reaching the Basque country, his impressions of seeing the people at work and at play are most interesting. He would not be a German, if he did not dive back into remote history. But how lightly he bears the burden of his knowledge! There is something akin to the French in his manner of recalling historical facts without the encumbrance of dates:

> Basques defeated the Moors; Basques defeated the Franks; Basques slew Roland with rocks. .
>
> O nebulous tribe; dark-skinned and strong-nosed. The oldest people in Europe. (Had they met Hasdrubal in person?)
>
> Never quite subdued by the Romans; vainly abused by the Visigoth Leovigild; ineffectively conquered by Charlemagne.

The quotations are fair speciments of the style of the book; brief, clear, direct, simple; the style of an informal *causeur*—a type rare among Germans. Most amusing is his visit to Andorra, the tiny republic of five thousand citizens; a republic that takes no part in any war, and that banishes its criminals to—France!

"What I cannot conceive as punishment!" says Kerr. The temptation to quote captiously is irresistible. In Lourdes he gives credit to "the power which so long beside and in spite of inquisitions was a tamer of wild habits," and admits that "It is easier to-day to live under the crozier than with certain brutal Prussian contemporaries."

Kerr's comments upon traveling fellow-countrymen will be appreciated by any one who has seen them in tourist togs striding through the art galleries of Italy and with stentorian sonority voicing their judgment of masterpieces; or has met them in comic opera Alpine outfit struggling up the Scheidegg. His trip along the Mediterranean is full of flashes of wit and wisdom.

His brief visit to Paris two years ago, bears the title: "Happiness in Paris."

During these days which he calls the greatest thing he had experienced in his earthly pilgrimage, he was received not only by literati, but by Painlevé, by Clemenceau, by the Embassy. He was guest of honor at a banquet of the Cercle Republicain and lectured in French at the Sorbonne. For addressing these audiences in French he was violently attacked by his compatriots at home. The significance of his cordial welcome as a sign of *rapprochement* was minimized in the Münchener *Neueste Nachrichten* by Thomas Mann who was in Paris at the same time. But the fact is undeniable, that Kerr succeeded in dispelling many false notions about the attitude of German intellectuals towards France, and it is to be hoped, *vice versa*. He says towards the end of that chapter:

> The consciousness that at least art was able in her realm to bring close for a brief space individuals aimlessly separated; that remains as something radiant. It cannot have been quite futile. . . . A step ahead had been taken. It was splendid . . . it was a beginning.

The spirit of the whole book makes one wish to read his previous volume: "Die Welt im Licht." For books glowing with such a sane joy of living, such a generous outlook across the borderlines of foreign countries, without rancour, without suspicion, are needed in a world that would outlaw war.

Spanish Books

LA NUEVA LITERATURA. III, La Evolución de la Poesía; IV, Evolución de la Novela. Por R. CANSINOS-ASSENS. Madrid. Editorial Paez. 1927.

LAS MASCARADAS SANGRIENTAS. Por PIO BAROJA. Madrid: Editorial Caro Raggio. 1927.

Reviewed by WILFRED A. BEARDSLEY
Goucher College

CANSINOS-ASSENS is already well known in the literary world, having to his credit some fifty volumes of literary criticism, novels, and short stories. He has taken several prizes and academic honors. Yet his views of literature are by no means those generally held by his literary peers in Spain, as Cansinos-Assens does not precisely represent the traditional hidalgo strain. He is a modern both in theory and in practice. He is a modern, but there is nothing especially shocking in his literary theories—if indeed there could be anything shocking about a literary theory anyway. Let us say, simply, that his attitude is antagonistic toward the work of such typically great contemporary novelists as Palacio Valdés and Ricardo León. They present the older school with certain unfortunate standards of good taste and traditional religious belief, all of which is a little painful to Cansinos-Assens.

In these two volumes the critic offers nearly fifty sketches of contemporary or near-contemporary literary figures, poets and novelists. He attempts no formal theory of evolution such as is suggested by his sub-title, but allows his sketches of individuals to indicate their own continuity. He is perfectly frank about his method, and he can afford to be, as in general his findings are both sagacious and well based. His discussions of Spanish poetry are particularly sympathetic, and it is here that foreigners need help, as Spanish poetry, though abundant and of high quality, is difficult to understand. Like the French, it is based on syllable count rather than feet; its rhythm, accentuation, and prevalence of vowels make a very different artistic effect from that of the English. Cansinos-Assens derives present day Spanish poetry largely from Rubén Darío, famous Nicaraguan poet, and traces it down to Vicente Huidobro, who has composed so easily in both Spanish and French. The continuity seems slight from the universally admired Rubén Darío to the modernist and cosmolingual Huidobro, but Cansinos-Assens explains it all very naturally. In brief, poetry like everything else in Spain has become intensely conscious of the outside world. It keeps its old throbbing passion and its contempt of objectivity, but it adds melodies and sympathies new to the race.

In his treatment of the novel I suspect that Cansinos-Assens is a special pleader. He is a novelist himself, though not one of the greatest, and he is not especially tolerant of the traditional technique which is so different from his own. Thus, as mentioned above, he condemns Palacio Valdés and Ricardo León because to him they are old-fashioned and sedate—exemplars of the traditional virtues and emotions. Cansinos-Assens resents peace, tranquillity, faith, and gentle culture; he must have struggle, ferment, fever, and fight. Thus he will not see sincerity in Ricardo León's clash between the old faith and the new in "El Hombre Nuevo," and in much the same way he admits only bourgeois inspiration in the many delightful novels of Palacio Valdés. He does not recollect the social struggle wonderfully depicted in "La Fe," and he is unimpressed by "Santa Rogelia." Yet with all these strictures on the present volumes, there still remain two or three dozens of keen literary sketches on con-

(*Continued on next page*)

CRITIQUES

By *Augustus Ralli*, author of "A Guide to Carlyle."—"The chapters dealing with the Brontës reveal a fine warmth of appreciation. He throws a fresh light on the lonely soul of Edward FitzGerald. The closing paper is an urbane yet stanch defense of the oft-ridiculed Mr. Boswell."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* $4.20

SPENSER IN IRELAND

By *Pauline Henly, M. A.*—Much new information about Spenser's habits, acts and writing. Spenser went to Ireland in 1580, hoping to get there the lands and fortune which he lacked in England. Most of his poetry was written in Ireland, where he lived off and on until his death. $2.40

A Final Burning of Boats

By *Dame Ethel Smyth.*—This well-known woman composer will be recalled by the literary world for her "Streaks of Life." This new book also consists of adventures, both actual and spiritual, portraits of interesting personalities and essays on various topics. "She is the Margot Asquith of the musical world."—*Christian Science Monitor.* $4.00

POEMS

By *S. de V. Julius.*—The author has lived many years in Asia, and the background for these poems are largely derived from that setting. The more serious poems are of the love existing beneath the outward aspect of nature. Forty sonnets, one long poem and twenty-eight other pieces are included. $2.40

WORLD'S PILGRIM

By *Eva Gore-Booth.*—This collection of eight "Imaginary Conversations" between world pilgrims in search of Beauty and Truth was written between 1914 and 1926. Conversations between "Buddha and Pathagoras," "The Woman of Samaria and a Jew," and others. $1.40

CHUNG-YUNG: or The Centre, The Common

Translated by *Leonard A. Lyall* and *King Chien-Kun.*—A work on Confucian philosophy. The Chung-Yung contains explanations of rites performed in olden times by the Emperors of China, in their ancestral temples. The underlying principles are pointed out which make for a clearer understanding of the teachings of Confucius. $2.40

Write for particulars regarding the Longmans, Green and Company Prize Juvenile Book Contest

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
55 Fifth Ave., New York

GAY-NECK

WINS the John Newberry Medal as the best child's book for 1927, awarded by the *American Library Association,* one of the strongest and most conservative bodies in the country.

GAY-NECK

By Dhan Gopal Mukerji

ILLUSTRATED BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

Within three years two books published by E. P. Dutton & Co. have received this medal. In 1925 *it was awarded to SHEN OF THE SEA, by Arthur Chrisman, author of "The Wind that Wouldn't Blow."*

GAY-NECK is the story of Indian life as seen through the eyes of a child. It is an exquisite Odyssey, symbolic of everything the Hindu boy holds sacred—animal love, filial loyalty, faithfulness to his ideals, and conveys to the Western world the beautiful serene viewpoint of the East.

Popular Edition, $2.00
*Limited Edition—*1,000 *Numbered and Signed Copies,* $3.75

Books by Mukerji

In Preparation: GHOND, THE HUNTER

Children's
KARI, THE ELEPHANT
JUNGLE BEASTS AND MEN
HARI, THE JUNGLE LAD
SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST

General
CASTE AND OUTCAST
MY BROTHER'S FACE
THE FACE OF SILENCE
A SON OF MOTHER INDIA ANSWERS

E. P. DUTTON & CO. **681 Fifth Ave.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2

delightful books

BY

EDWARD DAVISON

SOME MODERN POETS

This well-known poet, who has been enthusiastically received in every part of the country, here presents a brilliant exposition of convention and tradition in poetry, with essays on Masefield, Lindsay, Walter de la Mare and others. $2.50.

HARVEST OF YOUTH

Lyric verse, possessing singularly beautiful and melodious qualities, usually absent from contemporary poetry. $2.00.

Harper & Brothers

LIPPINCOTT BOOKS

a novel of rare beauty

THE RIVER

By

TRISTRAM TUPPER

"Once I wasted a year beside a river . . . in hunting, putting up cordwood and carrying the rod for the engineers: but more particularly in thinking of a woman named Rosalee, day and night. I came to know her better than anyone else had ever known her . . . for during that autumn and winter we were alone." —*the first paragraph of the book.*

$2.50

LIPPINCOTT

PHILADELPHIA

POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING

by Samuel Hoffenstein

"JOYOUS, jesting verses with a nugget of wisdom in each jest."
—H. L. MENCKEN.

"WIELDS a graceful scimitar and deftly slices away at our national and individual foibles and idiosyncrasies, our household gods and literary idols."
—HARRY HANSEN.

$2.00

Wherever GOOD BOOKS *are sold.*

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDMUND DAVISON

Competition No. 33. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Ballade of Dead Poets. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, *not later than the morning of June* 11.)

Competition No. 34. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing poem with a serious moral. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of June 18.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-FIRST COMPETITION

OWING to an error in the second announcement of Competition No. 31 (an Elegy on the old Back Bay Station at Boston—the idea was Mr. Morley's and I thank him for it) the usual time allowed for entries was lengthened by a week. Thus, at the moment of writing, only five have reached me. As many others will come before this page is in print it cannot be unfair to commend the elegies by Deborah C. Jones, Marshall M. Brice, and two past prize-winners, Homer M. Parsons, and R. Desha Lucas. For once I imposed no conditions as to length. Mr. Parsons alone remembered the limitations of our space in The Wits' Weekly. For the third consecutive week he employs Analyzed Rhyme, this time more successfully than before. His amusing and facile verses printed below are less Back Bayish than Mr. Brice's burlesque of Gray, though more compressed and, I think, better written. Mr. Lucas was less successful than either, while Mrs. Jones challenged all three with a serious elegy. I shall try to buttonhole Mr. Morley and make him decide between them. In the meantime, here are the two shorter elegies and some brief passages from the others.

I. By HOMER M. PARSONS.

I wonder now, where will the cops
be waiting
To nab the New York books when
they come in?
And where will Mencken and Sin-
clair be sitting,
Uneasy, till they board the out-
ward train?

Alas! It can no longer be the same in
The home of the frijole and the
cod;
No longer may the proud, high-hat-
ted Brahmin
Observe his station — save with
psychic aid.

'Tis sad! So, here in sunny Cali-
fornia
My sympathetic eye clouds up and
rains.
Why should the fates give way to
pyromania!
Oh, why such wretched spinning
by the Norns!

Then mourn, ye cities: Pittsburgh,
with black mantle
Of anth—bitum—well, either one
you like;
Salt Lake, spare not the bitter drops
of brine till
The Hub shall have her Back Bay
Station back.

Let Texas tears from Dallas eyes be
flowing;
Let Frisco's orbs be wet with Ore-
*gon mist;**
Let Philadelphia cease her envious
hissing;
Atta-boy, Harlem — thou'st the
proper note!

Enough, Enough! Now let the whis-
tle toot,
Traffic resume, and Boston be for-
got.
Hollywood, ditch thy empty glycerine
bottle!
All right, Chicago — art thou
ready? Shoot!

* A local pleasantry—Mist Oregon and hit California.

II. By DEBORAH C. JONES.

The engines that set far their lights
From Boston's golden dome
Troop home again to Boston town
And bring her children home.
From hills where curious cactus-
things
And twisted live-oaks meet,
From hot, relentless desert,
From tangle of mesquite,

From where (as if man strive to
guess
Even Infinity)
The dim vast Mississippi meets
The vastness of the sea,

And from the deep south valley-rifts
That turn the high heart dumb,
Still home again to Boston
Her wandering children come.

And here before the train throbbed
home
And knew her inmost bourn,
Here Boston met the bairns she
knew—
And here her heart was torn.

O engines home from South and
West,
What furious star might burn
The outpost of your going
That waited your return?

O pilgrims in the years to come,
What greeting shall ye find?
What early welcome pledge you
A city proudly kind?

* * * * *

Yet mourn no stones and timbers now,
No things of moth and rust:
Who guesses what may quicken
This soon forgotten dust?

All trains that know the upland swell,
The woods' translucent shade,
Drawn home on singing silver,
Shall find a fabric made,

Not new in pride, but old in love
And intimate and dear,
Their well-loved outpost keeping
Perpetual vigil here.

Mr. Lucas's elegiac mood may be deduced from the following excerpt.

For those who care for brown bread,
beans and cod—
The Evening Transcript—*culture*
many sided—
(And who does not is but a sorry
clod)
A pleasant jumping off place is
provided.

Though built to give the crowds a
place to jam,
The crowds instinctively seem to
abhor it;
It would not function as a traffic
dam
And that is why I had a yearning
for it.

"It," needless to say, in this case, is the Back Bay Station.

Mr. Brice rises to his climax with the stanza—

Let not us lowly mock exclusiveness,
Their social pride, exalted destiny;
Let not the humble ever try to guess
The complicated instincts of the
high.

The prize will be awarded next week at the same time, I hope, as the prize for Competition No. 28.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

Spanish Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

temporary Spanish figures of all degrees of importance.

Concerning Pío Baroja's "Las Mascaradas Sangrientas," little need be said to those who are already familiar with his series dealing with the "Memorias de un Hombre de Acción," of which the "Mascaradas" is the latest instalment. And to those who are not familiar with Pío Baroja there is no possibility of conveying any adequate impression in the few words here available. Suffice it to say the "Mascaradas" handles the same general theme of the Carlist wars of around 1840. It presents a horrible network of intrigues, dishonesty, selfishness, brutishness, and yet more intrigues, unrelieved by the glowing idealism which somewhere crops out in all typically Spanish novels. Of Pío Baroja, Aubrey F. G. Bell remarks in his "Contemporary Spanish Literature": "Take a little of Zola, Balzac, Stendhal, Dickens, Pérez Galdós, Nietzsche, Gorky, and Dostoievsky . . . and you may perchance account for the literary unliterary Baroja." I trust Baroja's technique is now entirely clear—only I should myself add a little more of Poe, Baudelaire, Huysmans, Flaubert, and Guy de Maupassant. The only trouble with this type of definition is that one must really stop somewhere.

Foreign Notes

SIGNOR ANTONIO SALANDRA, who succeeded to the Premiership of Italy in March 1914, has recently published a volume entitled "La Neutralità Italiana" (Milan: Mondarori) in which he sets forth the events and the ideals which controlled Italy's course in the interval between the declaration of war by the Central Powers and its entrance into the conflict on the side of their enemies. He is at much pains to justify his country's rectitude in deserting the Triple Alliance, asserting that early in his incumbency of office he came to the conclusion that Italy was neither in duty bound to, nor had any interest in taking up, arms on behalf of Austria. Students of history will find his book of value.

The second part of Dr. Heinrich Lander's "Wandteppiche" (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann), the first of which appeared some five years ago, has recently been issued. The present two volumes (one of which consists of plates) present a detailed treatment of the Latin nations from the time of the Angers series of about 1400 to the eighteenth century.

André Thérive's latest novel, "Sans Ame" (Paris: Grasset), is a touching story of the Paris of the poor. It is a pathetic portrayal of the lives of the laboring class, of its materialism, its brave good-temper under hardship and drabness, its eagerness for amusement, its desire for reassurance in living. The book is written with delicacy and feeling.

The Hungarian Academy of Arts and Letters is now in process of publishing the writings, speeches, and letters of Graf Stefan Tisza, Hungarian Prime Minister at the outbreak of the war. The volumes deal with internal as well as foreign affairs and present a record of prime importance. Less comprehensive, but hardly less significant, is the German edition, edited by Oskar von Wertheimer (Berlin: Hobbing), in which the attention is centered on matters of international interest. The first volume, which has just appeared, covers the first year of the War, July, 1914-July, 1915.

As a sequel to his "Voyage au Congo," André Gide has just published "Le Retour du Tchad" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française). Like the earlier book it is in diary form and chronicles with faithful attention to detail the odyssey of M. Gide and his party.

The Soviet government has under contemplation the erection of a library which will be the largest in the world. The plans chosen from the large number submitted provide for every possible device for the comfort and interest of the reader and for the expediting of research.

In connection with the Dürer centenary a volume has been issued (Munich: Holbein), edited by Willi Kurth, which attempts a complete collection of the woodcuts which have been absent from other works. It is a scholarly volume.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

GONGORISM AND THE GOLDEN AGE. By *Elisha K. Kane*. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

REMBRANDT. By *Sándor Bródy*. Globus Press, 315 Second Ave., N. Y.

NEW DIMENSIONS. By *Paul T. Frankl*. Payson & Clarke. $6.

THE ART IN PAINTING. By *Albert C. Barnes*. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

Belles Lettres

AMERICAN CRITICISM. By *Norman Foerster*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

ÆSTHETICS OF THE NOVEL. By *Van Meter Ames*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

SPIRIT OF DELIGHT. By *George McLean Harper*. Holt. $2.

STUDIES IN SOMBRE. By *James Sydney Johnson*. San Francisco: Windsor Press.

THE POET OF GALILEE. By *William Ellery Leonard*. Viking. $2.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. By *James Boswell*. Edited by *Margaret Bailey*. Stanford University Press. 2 vols. $15.

ADVENTURES IN AMERICANA, 1492-1897. Rudge. 2 vols.

THE OTHER SIDE. By *Struthers Burt*. Scribners. $2.

Biography

CHRISTIAN IV., KING OF DENMARK AND NORWAY. By JOHN A. GADE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

In addition to a personal knowledge of Denmark, gained while naval attaché at the United States Legation at Copenhagen, Mr. Gade brings to his work an enthusiasm and ability to express himself without Ludwigian hyperbole which is highly commendatory. When one reads a book like this, however, one realizes how great an advantage it is to the biographer to have an interesting subject.

The book is mostly about Christian himself—his upbringing, his battles, and his love affairs. Although Christian ruined his country, both politically and economically, in the Thirty Years' War, he succeeded in endearing himself to his subjects by an open-handed prodigality of purse and an unflinching bravery in battle. The author has reproduced certain passages from the king's diary, which indicate what an interest he took in the well-being of his subjects. He notes, for example, that Anna, the wife of Hans, the lamplighter, "who is twenty-two, has just had twins. He is eighty-eight. I propose to investigate the matter." Nor is the monarch without a certain rough humor, as when he enters the fact that "an elephant arrived in town, which could dance, fight, and kneel. Also two Dutch Ambassadors who could do nothing." The diary is very brief, and goes to the point without deviation; one line a day is usually enough, even for events of exceptional interest. "Casimirus, the King of Poland's brother, arrived in town," he writes, "and a fat witch was burned."

There is not too much history in the book to bore the ordinary reader, yet quite enough to put the king in his proper seventeenth-century setting. The author succeeds in holding a happy balance between dull fact and unchecked imagination; he has written a romantic biography, rather than a biographical romance, and between these two there is a world of difference.

HEARST. By *John K. Winkler*. Simon & Schuster. $4.

TRADER HORN. By *Alfred Aloysius Horn* and *Ethelreda Lewis*. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THE LEGEND OF CALVIN COOLIDGE. By *Cameron Rogers*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.50 net.

CARLYLE. By *Norwood Young*. Morrow. $3.50.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE. By *Martin Armstrong*. Viking. $2.

BIANCA CAPPELLO. By *Clifford Bax*. Viking. $2.

THE MIND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. By *Edward McCurdy*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

CONFESSIONS OF A NEGRO PREACHER. Chicago: Canterbury Press.

Economics

REPRESENTATIVE INDUSTRIES IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited by *H. T. Warshow*. Holt. $5.

LABOR RELATIONS. By *Herbert Feis*. Adelphi. $2.

EUROPEAN TARIFF POLICIES. By *O. Delle Doane*. Adelphi. $3.50.

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM. By *Bernard Shaw*. Brentanos. $3 net.

THE BREAD OF OUR FOREFATHERS. By *Sir William Ashley*. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS IN EUROPE TO-DAY. Edited by *W. Henderson Pringle*. London: Black.

Education

BUILDING FOR TOMORROW. By *Jean Gertrude Hutton*. Abingdon Press. 2 vols. 75 cents each.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *Willis Mason West*. Allyn & Bacon.

DELONEY'S GENTLE CRAFT. Part I. Edited by *Wilfrid J. Halliday*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

READING FOR APPRECIATION. 2 vols. By *William E. Grady* and *Paul Klapper*. Scribners. 88 cents.

CLASSIFIED SPEECH MODELS. By *William Norwood Brigance*. Crofts. $2.75.

FRENCH REVIEW GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION. By *Francis Brown Barton* and *Edward Hinman Sirich*. Crofts.

CHRISTOPHE COLOMB. By *Charles Grimm*. Century. 90 cents.

THE EFFECTIVE COLLEGE. Edited by *Robert Lincoln Kelly*. Association of American Colleges, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE NEW LEAVEN. By *Stanwood Cobb*. Day. $2.50 net.

Fiction

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS. By HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN. The Crime Club, Inc. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

To the rescue of an Italian damsel in distress on the Riviera rally a pair of young American adventure seekers, one of them supposed to have just committed suicide by drowning, the other his close friend and the investigator of the mysterious circumstances responsible for the pretended tragedy. The ruthless enemy of these three is a titled Italian criminal (he has ruined the girl's father, railroaded him to prison, and is now plotting to make her his bride) who holds a store of complicated tricks up his sleeve. In frequent jousts with our heroes he repeatedly checkmates them, but is at last laid low. The story moves briskly and is engagingly written, but the working out of the action seems a trifle too obvious.

THE GODS ARRIVE. By *John St. David*. Avondale Press.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG. By *Luigi Pirandello*. Dutton. 2 vols. $5.

DEEP LAKE MYSTERY. By *Carolyn Wells*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE TITANIC HOTEL MYSTERY. By *John Hawk*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

ARACHNE. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan. $2.25.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By *Louise Pond Jewell*. Morrow. $1.25.

THE SEA KING. By *Harry Soiberg*. Translated by *Edwin Björkman*. Morrow. $2.50.

REDEMPTION ISLAND. By *Charles M. Hale* and *Evan John*. Morrow. $2.

MON PAUL. By *A. A. Abbott*. Macaulay. $2.50.

HATE SHIP. By *Bruce Graeme*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE LAND OF THE FIVE RIVERS. By *Hugh Kennedy Trevaskis*. Oxford University Press. $4.75.

THE SON OF THREE FATHERS. By *Gaston Leroux*. Macaulay. $2.

DR. GLAZEBROOK'S REVENGE. By *Andrew Cassels Brown*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE DOUBLE CHANCE. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

GEORGIE MAY. By *Maxwell Bodenheim*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

SHADOW OF THE LONG KNIVES. By *Thomas Boyd*. Scribners. $2.50.

THE REDEMPTION OF TYCHO BRAHE. By *Max Brod*. Knopf. $2.50.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on the next page*)

IRENE OF TUNDRA TOWERS. By *Elizabeth Burrows*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

WE FIVE. By *Edna Osborne Whitcomb*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

AN ELIZABETHAN STORYBOOK. Selected by *Peter Haxworth*. Longmans. $2.

WITH THE LITTLE PEOPLE AMONG FAIRIES AND FLOWERS. By *Douglas Nelson*. Vinal. $2.

JUNIOR SCENARIOS FOR HOME MOVIES. Rochester: Eastman Kodak Co.

Miscellaneous

THE CRIMINAL AND HIS ALLIES. By JUDGE MARCUS KAVANAGH. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $3.

Judge Kavanagh's work has several points of strength and many points of weakness. His analysis of the faults of our police systems and court procedure is based on thirty years' experience as a Superior Court judge in Chicago. He presents many startling facts to which the public must be aroused if it is to make an

(*Continued on next page*)

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES

THE NEW YORK TIMES says:

"It is a book with a distinctive flavor, a book that hovers between two worlds, a book of so much individuality and beauty that it will be widely read and widely recommended. It is a unique achievement."

$2.50 With Woodcuts — Houghton Mifflin Co.

ESTHER FORBES

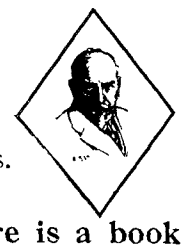
AUTHOR OF

O GENTEEL LADY

The Dutton Book of the Month for June

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG

By Luigi Pirandello



2 vols. $5.00

Here is a book for young and old

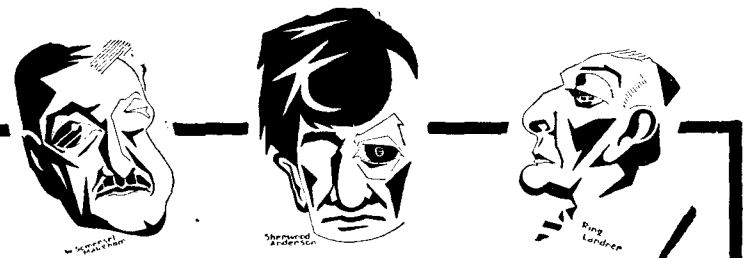
E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE OLD

afraid of the new. Romance, humor and stark realism are here blended on an exquisite tapestry by this master of satirical writing.

THE YOUNG

eager for the new — with desire, irony and beautiful idealism sweep onward in a mad whirl of paradoxical passion.



Personalities!

THE BOOKMAN gives the low-down on the lit'ry giants - - written by their best friends and enemies who knew 'em when - - - - and equally, THE BOOKMAN picks those that are on their way!

DREISER BEFORE "SISTER CARRIE"—By E. D. McDonald
CONRAD'S VOCABULARY — By Ford Madox Ford
JOHN MACY exposes the witchcraft of Rose Macaulay and some other ladies.

A story by GLENWAY WESCOTT — A sensational instalment of "BOSTON" by Upton Sinclair—other contributions by ERNEST BOYD, JOHN DRINKWATER, DOUGLAS GOLDRING, ANGEL FLORES.

The JUNE BOOKMAN

452 FIFTH AVE NEW YORK

—on the stands now!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A List for Parents

HOW? Why? When? . . . . There is no end to Mother's questions!—or so any institution will tell you which makes a business of answering them. Do we hear a pricking of ears as some uninitiated parents are hereby newly acquainted with the fact that there are intelligent agencies engaged in such a beneficent task? The editors of the Bookshop feel that to pass on this welcome information to those hitherto unaware of it, and to mould it into convenient form for the use of anyone interested, lies within their functions even though much of the information to be obtained from these sources has to do of course with the growth of the child's whole personality rather than with reading and intellectual development alone. Suggested books, however, will so often be the medium that our presentation of this reference list for parents, describing national agencies to which they may go or write for enlightenment on a wide range of topics, will need no apology and will, we hope, prove suggestive and useful.

1. *Child Study Association of America, 54 West 74th St., New York City.*

Its program states, "The work of the Child Study Association consists in devising ways to make available to parents the knowledge of child life and human nature which we now have—so that they may meet situations in their homes intelligently and effectively." The program contains bibliographies on the following subjects: Infancy and Early Childhood, Childhood, Adolescence, Sex Education, Parents and Sex Education, General Child Study, Mental Hygiene, Biological Foundations of Childhood, Modern Educational Theories. This association holds an institute each year, often in January, covering observation, lectures, and round table discussion on these and many other subjects. It has published "Concerning Parents"—a symposium on present day parenthood.

2. *National Committee for Mental Hygiene, 370 7th Ave., New York City.*

Maintains a library on this and related subjects, and serves as a clearing house of information for individuals or organizations interested. Publishes many pamphlets distributed free of cost, such for instance as those on Habit Training for Children prepared by Dr. D. A. Thom of Boston. Some of the subtitles in this pamphlet are: Does your child fuss about his food? . . . Do you make the most of your child's intelligence? . . . Is your child jealous? . . . Obedience . . .

3. *Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.*

Diffuses information respecting the organization and management of schools, etc.; compiles libraries of text-books and other educational material, circulates bibliographies, and issues leaflets—on many subjects, as for instance "The Pre-school Child, a short reading course for pre-school study circles." There is also a special division covering Nursery Schools and Primary Education, which publishes bulletins on many phases of this field of work.

4. *Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.*

Investigates the question of infant mortality, infant care, maternal care, prenatal care, juvenile courts, child labor, etc. Conducts child health conferences, and makes intensive studies of various aspects of child welfare. Publishes results of such studies, as well as leaflets, circulars, and newsletters. Many of its publications may be procured from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

5. *American Library Association, 78 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill.*

Aims to foster the development of libraries and the use of books, to make them a vital, working educational force in America. Publishes book-buying aids, lists of children's books, and books on special subjects, as well as pamphlets on children's libraries, school libraries, index to kindergarten songs, index to plays for children, etc.

6. *Child Welfare League of America, 130 East 22nd St., New York City.*

Organized as a bureau for the exchange of information and publications regarding the work of child-helping organizations in order that all may profit by the successful experience of each. Will help organize surveys of children's work in any community, and will supply any agency member with a specialist's services in any particular field of child welfare for a brief period, either for the purpose of analyzing a local problem or for setting up a new enterprise.

7. *National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Associations, 1201 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.*

To promote child welfare, and develop a better-trained parenthood. Special departments carry on distinctive work, as for instances: Better Films, Child Hygiene, Home Economics, Home Education, Mother's Study Circles, etc. Issues a number of loan papers which may be kept two weeks.

8. *National Child Welfare Association, 70 Fifth Ave., New York City.*

To direct public interest to the physical, mental, and moral welfare of children. Prepares and issues for sale posters, pictures, educational panels, and other graphic material to promote the normal development of children. Furnishes speakers and lecturers for conferences and other meetings. Publishes Baby Book, Childhood and Health, Music and Childhood, Character-training in Childhood, Child Welfare.

9. *Progressive Education Association, 1719 35th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.*

Composed of parents who aim to popularize certain principles of modern educational reconstruction. Publishes a magazine issued five times a year which keeps the reader in touch with progress in schools all over the country.

10. *American Association of University Women, 1634 I St., Washington, D. C.*

Fosters the formation of study groups covering the fields of child training and of pre-school, elementary, and adolescent education. Its journal, published four times a year, contains a carefully selected bibliography of current books on these subjects. It has a large and well assorted lending library for members.

In addition there are also the agencies covering physical needs, such as the American Associations of Home Economics, Physical Education, Public Health, School Health, and others.

Good but Forgotten

UNCLE ZEB AND HIS FRIENDS. By EDWARD W. FRENTZ. Atlantic Monthly Press. 1919. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE H. THOMAS
New Haven Children's Bookshop

THERE are many city children's books about country life, palatable volumes about city boys and girls discovering setting hens, the broods of little chickens, the dairy, the vegetable garden, and the rows of grain sunning in the fields. These books have their value for they at least outline to children what happens before their milk appears in bottles and their eggs in cartons on their dumb waiters. But for the most part they are standardized and conventional and therefore lack reality and vitality. An intelligent country boy would find them arid reading.

One would have no hesitation in putting "Uncle Zeb and His Friends" into the hands of a country boy. The stories in it give no systematic picture of the farm, but country or city child would finish them with a refreshing fund of information tucked away in his mind. Uncle Zeb tells of the important small happenings of a countryside, of people and animals and things out of doors. The stories read as if they had rounded and ripened a long time before they were finally set down. Many of the stories are small masterpieces in short story writing and in construction resemble the stories of the Brothers Grimm. Without introduction each story begins at the first word and proceeds with a quiet sureness and with only essential detail to its short close. If a simple, vivid tale, kindly told, is a good thing for children to go to sleep on, then this book is an excellent substitute for the usual bedtime story.

LA SNOW BABY. By MARIE PEARY STAFFORD. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by VIOLET THOMPSON

IT is one of the most difficult things in the world to find books written in simple French with a content interesting to children in intermediate grades—hence the advent of "La Snow Baby" was one of great interest. Little French children are still reading just about what their parents read when they were children. If you want to know what that is like, try to read some of the books which you just doted on when you were young to your children, and see how vapid they have become! You can hardly believe they can be the same books. Furthermore, most of the books written in simple French have a content suitable to primary grades in this country, so that for an American child of eight or nine, learning French, there is not only very little available but most of that consists of translated stories, which being already known to the children have lost their keen edge. And one needs all the keen edges of interest possible, in studying a new language!

This book is written in very nice French—something which is not true of all translations—but it is a book which was first published perhaps more than twenty-five years ago, and its content is quite Victorian. This would suit French children admirably—for whom I imagine the translation was made—but it does not satisfy the average representative of "Young America." One child who read the book said, "Up there with all those wonderful animals, why doesn't she tell more about them, and how they live?" Another remark was, "Do you suppose the lady who wrote this book really believed in the stork? Didn't she know any better?" And still another, "Where did that stone of iron come from? There aren't stones of iron in our sky. Why doesn't the book explain what happened?" It seems that one cannot write just a pretty story now-a-days, but everything must be grounded in scientific fact, and the facts set forth, so that there is a sweep backward and forward for imagination.

The average American child is used to books which are beautifully illustrated, often in color. The illustrations in this book are made from photographs, and many of them are not attractive from an artistic point of view. However, the frontispiece shows us a baby so charming and with such a spiritual quality in her little face, that we forgive the other ugly ones. Altogether, it is a charming story, and we wish the Snow Baby would write us some more books, but with greater elaboration.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

effective effort to combat crime. His statement that much-needed reforms in judicial procedure, earnestly advocated by leaders of the American Bar, have been balked by judges and lawyers is an inescapable indictment. On other subjects, however, he speaks with less authority. He is entirely out of sympathy with psychology and psychiatry as applied to crime, and urges more general use of the gallows and the lash. Of criminals he says, "Their intellects are all right, but their hearts are diseased." And again, "A good whipping or two given Leopold and Loeb when children would have made of the two arch-criminals respectable and useful citizens." The tone of the book is at times unrestrained almost to the point of hysteria; this cannot fail to diminish its influence on those who are trying most seriously to bring about the very reforms which the author advocates. It will prove most valuable as a source-book for the alarmists, who, it must be admitted, have their uses today.

FOLKLORE OF THE TEETH. By *Les Kanner*. Macmillan. $4.

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? By *Edward Longstreth* and *Leonard T. Holton*. Simon & Schuster.

BLEACHING, DYEING, PRINTING AND FINISHING. By *J. W. McMyn* and *J. W. Bardsley*. Pitman. $1.75.

HANDCRAFT POTTERY. By *Henry* and *Denise Wren*. Pitman. $3.75.

A CENTURY OF BOOK SELLING. 1828-1928. Boston: Old Corner Bookstore.

THE PRESIDENCY VS. HOOVER. By *Samuel Crowther*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

PRIMARY ELECTIONS. By *Charles E. Merriam* and *Louise Overacker*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

A FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY. By *Lawrence H. Seltzer*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

WINGED ARROWS. By *Clara Keck Heflebower*. Vinal.

ROBB'S PATENT ESSENTIALS. By *John F. Robb*. Funk & Wagnalls. $5 net.

GREED'S GRIP BROKEN. By *Joseph W. Savage*. Avondale.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE HEALTHY. By *Clarence W. Lieb, M. D.* Day. $1.50 net.

THE CRYPTOGRAM BOOK. By *Prosper Buranelli, F. G. Hartswick*, and *Margaret Petherbridge*. Simon & Schuster. $1.90.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONY SIMPLIFIED. By *C. W. Brown*. Pitman. $1.75.

FOREST FOLKLORE, MYTHOLOGY AND ROMANCE. By *Alexander Porteous*. Macmillan. $4.50.

Poetry

QUOTABLE POEMS. Compiled by *Thomas Curtis Clark* and *Esther A. Gillespie*. Willett, Clark, & Colby. $2.50.

THE SACRED ACRE. By *Rachel Mack Wilson*. Vinal. $1.50.

THE GOLDEN SNARE. By *Sydney King Russell*. Vinal. $1.50.

THE GOBBLER OF GOD. By *Percy MacKaye*. Longmans. $2.

POEMS. By *S. de V. Julius*. Longmans. $2.40.

POEMS. By *Milton S. Rose*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

UNHEWED STONES. By *Isaac Hessler*. Philadelphia: Sessler. $2.

HOMESPUN. By *Beatrice Joyce*. Vinal.

THE POEMS OF G. E. CURRAN. Volume One. Los Angeles. Curran & Curran.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE VERSE. Edited by *Ada L. F. Snell*. Printed at the University Press. Oxford.

OUTCROP. Poems by *Abbie Huston Evans*. with a Foreword by *Edna St. Vincent Millay*. Harper. $2.

BURNING BUSH. By *Louis Untermeyer*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

SELECTED POEMS OF AMY LOWELL. Edited by *John Livingston Lowes*. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

SINGING GARDENS. By *Blanche Lee*. Boston: The Stratford Co. 50 cents.

THE LAST ENIGMA. By *Henry Franck*. Boston. The Four Seas Co. $1.50.

SPRING PLOWING. By *Charles Malam*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

NOCTURNES AND AUTUMNALS. By *David Morton*. Putnam.

Religion

CHRIST THE WORD. By PAUL ELMER MORE. Princeton University Press. 1927. $4.

The last instalment of the Princeton Professor's series on the Greek Tradition, following "The Christ of the New Testament," surveys the trend of Greek philosophy in Christian controversy down to the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A. D. It begins with Philo, Irenaeus, Clement, and Origen, and continues into that maze of controversies about the dual character of Christ which occupied so much of the stage of Christian history in the two centuries that followed. Professor More succeeds quite well in making clear the outlines of the controversy, though at best it can hardly be called an attractive era of history.

His own emphasis is independent and interesting. He attempts to correct the impression that the early church was concerned with a Trinitarian dogma. That would require a personal Holy Spirit and Professor More contends that, in the New Testament and after, the Spirit is hardly to be regarded as personified at all. It was the incarnation that the theologians strove to understand. Orthodoxy asserted Christ both human and divine, philosophy tried to reduce this dualism to a monism. Hence arose all the heresies. In accepting an unabashed dualism the orthodox are following Plato himself in his final philosophy. Professor More believes both Plato and orthodox Christology are in the right. He does not regret, as do many modern Christians, that the primitive gospel was interpreted in philosophic terms by the Greek theologians. He regrets rather that the essential dualism of the Church in its worship and life was so often obscured by the divagations of monistic rationalism. In short, Dr. More turns out a staunch defender of the Nicene Creed.

MUST THE CHURCH GO? By *Louis W. Lowe*. Avondale Press.

COMMUNITY CHURCHES. By *David R. Piper*. Willett, Clark & Colby. $1.50.

BAHA'I ADMINISTRATION. By *Shoghi Effendi*. New York: Bahá'í Committee.

STUDIES IN NEW TESTAMENT CHRISTIANITY. By *George A. Barton*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.

THE HEIGHTS OF MANHOOD. By *Rollin H. Ayres*. Abingdon Press. $1.

OUR FATHERS' FAITH AND OURS. By *David S. Schaff, D.D.* Putnam.

THE COMPLETE SAYINGS OF JESUS. Assembled and Arranged in Sequence by *Arthur Hinds*. Williamsburg, Mass.: D. H. Pierpont & Co. Cloth, 60c.

THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPATE OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By *Owsley Robert Rowley*. Milwaukee, Wis.: Morehouse Pub. Co. $4.

BELIEFS THAT MATTER. By *William Adams Brown*. Scribner's. $2.75.

(*Continued on page 938*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

UNTIL September first the headquarters of this department will be in England, where the Reader's Guide will have two addresses, one in Chelsea, the other in an old house on the Thames from whose garden-windows the boat-races may be watched. I am told that a telephone and a doorbell have been installed in both these establishments, so that even on this side of the water I have a curious sense of having partly arrived. As in previous seasons, the work of the department will go on as usual, personal replies and all, and letters addressed to me here will be promptly sent on, but it might take some strain off the forwarding department of the *Saturday Review* if inquiries were addressed directly to me, at 2 Bramerton Street, S. W., London. I plan to go afield on business in the course of the season, to Edinburgh, to Ireland, back and forth to Paris and as far as Berlin, and the foreign subscriber who lives in Villa Rosalba, touched by my printed admiration for its lovely name, asks me to drop in at Rothenburg and see if it isn't lovelier in itself, being a Renaissance Gartenhäuschen with a balcony on a Bavarian valley. If correspondents with affections along these routes will tell me what to look at in their names, I will lend them an eye and tell them what I saw.

F. F., New York City, is looking for something that will enliven the outlook of a rather forlorn girl out West, living alone and finding her principal comfort in talking to a canary, her only companion. "Is there anything referring to a somewhat similar situation that could be read as a sympathetic coincidence?"

IN "Alice in Movieland," by Alice M. Williamson (Appleton), Mary Pickford's canary goes with her wherever she goes, even to Europe, or she doesn't go herself. "She talks to the bird and the bird talks to her, but the language most used between them is bird language. Mary learned it 'by instinct' and speaks it perfectly now, without even a 'foreign accent.'" But as this book, an ecstatic report of how fair life is in Los Angeles and environs, how sweet the stars, how marvellous the directors, would no doubt cause any lonely young lady to take the first train for Hollywood, perhaps it might be safer to start her on Hugh Lofting's "The Story of Dr. Dolittle" (Stokes), and let her discover how the immortal veterinary learned how to converse not only with animals, but with birds and even with insects. It will take several of the Dolittle books to get all this, but they will be worth the time. Yes, they are supposed to be for children, but the whole family always reads them if they're in the house. Polly talks to her canary in Louisa Alcott's "An Old-Fashioned Girl" (Little, Brown), and there is a ring of complete sincerity in these lonely chapters. Barnaby Rudge's raven talks to him and Poe talked to a raven and I have known several people who talked to parrots, but all the demons would reply was in horrid shrieks: these same birds would converse quite freely when not being talked to. And there was a starling once that said "I want to get out," and thus left his print on our literature.

J. C. (no address) tells F. W. H., Richmond, Cal., who asked about books on astrology, that he recently bought Evangeline Adams's book "Astrology" (Dodd, Mead) out of curiosity, and that "I would not have dared write in a diary what she tells about my own case, yet there it is on the printed page. I have sent three copies to friends and relatives who have children, and excited cries come back by mail. I have been interested enough to read a second volume on the subject, also intended for the layman and I found it remarkable. This is "From Pioneer to Poet," by Isabelle Pagan, and is for sale in all occult bookshops."

G. E. GRAVES, of the Humboldt State Teachers College, Arcata, Cal., says that my recent list of child authors includes all his favorites, save one, the one that he likes best of all. "It is Helen Douglas Adams's 'The Elfin Pedlar and other Poems' (Putnam, 1924). This should certainly be added to your list. Helen is a Scotch girl whose poems were written between the ages of four and twelve. I have the most interesting letter from her that I feature each semester in my Recreational Reading classes: it was published in *Libraries*, Feb. 1926."

P. D. P., Nyack, N. Y., asks what books by Maurice Barrès, André Gide, and Rémy de Gourmont, are available in English, that would give an American reader some idea of their work at its best.

OF Barrès in English one must take what one can get, and that at the moment is very little: "Faith of France," and "The Undying Spirit of France" (Houghton Mifflin), were based on soldiers' letters in the Great War, and though among the most beautiful books of the battlefields, are scarcely representative of his style, however much of his sensibility. Even "Colette Baudoche" in Frances Wilson Huard's translation is now out of print. It may be that most of those who care for Barrès at all will not put up with transmutations of language, and indeed he stands translation less than almost any other writer of the century. The translations of Rémy de Gourmont have been most uneven and in general unsatisfactory: again, here is a writer with whom the perfect word and the inevitable phrase counts for so much that he should have inspired those who set out to present him to other countries with a greater sense of responsibility. However, there is a version of his nearest approach to a novel, "The Horses of Diomedes" (Luce), and his "Decadence and other Essays" (Harcourt, Brace), has been adequately translated by William Aspinwall Bradley, while he is one of the "Six French Poets" (Houghton Mifflin), whom Amy Lowell introduced to American readers in luminous criticisms and by versions combined with the original text.

André Gide has fared better. His monumental novel, "The Counterfeiters"—to my way of thinking the most important to be translated since Proust and the only one of the twentieth century to rank with Proust's—has been given an excellent dress by Knopf this year: the same house had previously brought out his "Lafcadio's Adventures" and "Straight Is the Gate," and his study, "Dostoievsky"—I have kept to the English forms of the titles, which have been somewhat changed from the French ones.

L. A. B., New York City, writes:

"BEING ill just now when the query of M. M. S., Madison, Wis., for stories about the west is published I can take the time to speak up as I intended to do at the time your earlier list of western stories was published. For I could hardly believe that all your readers had overlooked what are to my mind the best, most interesting, and most accurate western stories of them all.

"I refer to the novels of Eugene Manlove Rhodes. He writes of that section of the U. S. which was colonized by Europeans long before the Pilgrims landed, or even before the Florida settlements. It is a section which has a most decided individuality, and is comparatively little written about. This country Rhodes *knows* through many years residence and labor in it, and much affection for it. And out of his knowledge and affection he contrives thrilling tales of the west which ended but yesterday, or is not quite ended yet. And the strange thing about them is that while they are stories too swift and vivid to lay down, once you have begun then, they are also true to life. And they do convey the real flavor and feeling of this country. You can yet meet men there in that country who may be the originals of some of the characters in his stories. Indeed, the people who live there know Rhodes as a writer of realism rather than romance. One well known citizen of that state has even threatened to shoot Mr. Rhodes on sight, because of the transparent characterization of this individual in one of these stories. It is too bad Rhodes's stories are not known to more people, and I want to share my enthusiasm for them with others. The books of his that I know are: 'Good Men and True'; 'Bransford in Arcadia'; 'The Desire of the Moth'; 'West is West'; 'Stepsons of Light'; 'Copper Streak Trail'; and 'Once in the Saddle.'

"I also recommend the following 'The Log of a Cowboy,' Andy Adams; 'The Cowboy' (not fiction), Philip Ashton Rollins; 'Painted Ponies,' Alan Le May; and 'Cowboys North and South,' and 'Smoky,' both by Will James. Some of these may have been included in the previous list, but as I do not have it by me I mention them, for they too are good.

The New York Times says:

"Here is another volume worthy in every way to take its place with the others. It is a fascinating and remarkable full-length reflection of the life of his time, written in Mr. Hendrick's strongest style."

WALTER H. PAGE'S

Earlier Life and Letters, by Burton J. Hendrick, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., under the title *The Training of an American*,

Illustrated, $5.00

THIS WAS TO HAVE BEEN ANOTHER ONE ABOUT

Two Irishmen

but Mr. Shaw has not answered our last cablegram and we find ourselves with only one Irishman. But what a grand Irishman he is—an economist who believes in fairies, a farmer who writes poetry, an editor whose politics are the result and not the hope of his life.

When you read

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

in our next issue you will like George Russell. Everybody likes him—that's one of the important things about the man. Long before be became editor of *The Irish Statesman* his personality had inspired the whole generation responsible for the new Irish Nationalism. His influence and his love for Ireland required no pyrotechnics to be effective.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is honored to publish A. E.'s first essay on his recent American experience and we wish all of our readers could have met this charming man.

In forthcoming issues we shall publish articles by

JOHN B. WATSON — MARK SULLIVAN
SENATOR BORAH — ROBERT FROST
HENRY L. MENCKEN — WALTER LIPPMANN
BOOTH TARKINGTON

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

James Whaler

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I be allowed to call the attention of your readers to the very extraordinary qualities of a new American poet? His book, "Hale's Pond," recently published by Vinal, seems to me deserving of a special consideration—such a consideration as must be reserved for only the very rare in literature. James Whaler is a name unknown; I hereby prophesy that it will not be unknown long. So far as I am aware, he has never published in any of our magazines; he has only this unpretentious little book to support him in the ranks, but it is enough to put him away ahead of a lot of others, to put him in a place with those few who, as we say, "make literary history." He is an event; but like many great events, he has so far passed pretty much unnoticed.

I have no idea where to "place" him. He belongs to no school (God be thanked!); he has no definite *genre;* he associates himself with no tradition as we think of tradition; he moves along disconnected from the "characteristics" of American poetry as we conceive of these characteristics. His technique is undefinable; he sometimes seems to have none (that is, nothing you can put your finger on as such and such), and yet it is just his technique, with all its looseness, its grace, its earthy bareness, that is the most puzzling thing about him. It has that quality of delirious, rich unexpectedness that Keats had; the quality of awful exactness that E. E. Cummings has; the quality of bitter-sweet cynicism that belonged to Emily Dickinson; the quality of rough fulness and warmth which we associate with Walt Whitman. And yet he is unlike all of these; he suggests but never follows them. He stands, as I say, appallingly alone, appallingly sincere. There is no bunk about Whaler. It is good to find a man who has no bunk about him. He has no axe, literary, moral, or philosophical, to grind. If he seems to suggest now and again that civilization, with its neurotic men and women, its monotonous components, its syphilis-crippled victims, is only a glorified junk-heap, it is because he is possessed by the idea of ferreting out the enduring, natural values, and it makes him rage to find them buried under the rubbish of convention and respectability. Nature, he thinks—anything from black mud to a snow-capped mountain—is man's only unfailing reserve-source. And Whaler is as close to nature as anyone since Henry Thoreau. And he writes about nature as Thoreau wrote about it, not as an esthetic complement to the more vital part of our lives or as a refined rest-cure, but as the thing that can best cultivate and define our identity with ourselves as human beings—as primitive human beings, after all, seeking, as we all must, a criterion of natural values, untouched by the back-wash of "progress," graduating from unforced, inevitable relationships.

Well! It is because Whaler has gone back to nature and found it good and lived under the light of sun and moon and stars, that he is so different from the rest of us, so invigorating. He is valuable because he has discovered his own value for himself. There is nothing "pretty" about him; neither is there anything about him of your purple-socked athlete or your physical-culture expert. He is natural, and that is all that can be said—praise enough, being a rare thing among men. But it is not only his outlook that is so refreshing. His poetry, as poetry, and perhaps because of the nature of that outlook, is as fresh as anything I know in this century—like grass in spring, soft, savory, and yet with all the precision of the blades of grass. He has no theories, save one—that beauty is the only religon, that poetry is man's highest expression of that religion. Take this, which he calls "the epitaph of every day I am given to live:"

Out of a whirl of fools competitive
He took his bag of hoarded seeds of days
And each seed planted where its flower was phrase,
Figure, or deed of Beauty; and so set free
The demon of his soul, and earned his right to be.

Or this description of the pond:

Shadowed in midnight green,
Wedging her belly down a wide ravine,
Pinned by birch-silver to a bed of umber,
Her splay-claws lax, vibrating with her slumber,
No moon to bathe her eyes
And wake her, warn her that a storm would rise—
Hale's Pond I felt before me in an hour
By thick black scents of fern and fish and flower.

James Whaler not only has delicacy and strength; he also has a great vulgarity. A great many people to whom I have read his stuff have objected to him on that score: that he is unpleasant. As for me, I love his vulgarity. It is the vulgarity of Shakespeare.

I don't say James Whaler is always good. He is amazingly bad at times. He is uneven, young, and now and again he loses his sense of proportion. But the man who can write so searchingly of himself as in the lines:

Sometimes I clasped a birch like mad, with ear
Hard at the bark to hear
The heart that balanced it—

is not a man we can afford to look upon with mild approval.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON

New York.

Thomas Mann

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Just when we are beginning to secure a tardy appreciation of the more recent German fiction, it is a pity to have to read the pronouncement of Mr. Louis Sherwin àpropos of Thomas Mann's stories. One has a perfect right to dislike Mann and Wassermann, but a majority of readers assign them high rank. The question of morbidity is immaterial. The reviewer has an uncanny way of selecting major authors to demolish and of elevating distinctly minor writers to fill the vacant niches.

LAMBERT A. SHEARS.

Duke University.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Will you be kind enough to give me space for the belated correction of a mistake in my article on Children's Magazines in *The Saturday Review* of March 17?

I have just learned that the statement made to me by one of the investigators in the survey of children's favorite magazines was too hastily given. It is true that among the better class of magazines the *National Geographic* stands as first favorite in many communities. Further study of the large cities, however, shows that several other magazines, including two devoted to popular science, are more often named as first choice.

I greatly regret that I accepted and gave publicity to an inaccurate report.

ALICE M. JORDAN.

Boston Public Library.

The New Books

(Continued from page 936)

Science

SCIENCE AND HISTORY. By *A. L. Rowse.* Norton. $1.

EMERGENT EVOLUTION AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIETIES. By *William Morton Wheeler.* Norton. $1.

INSECTS. By *Frank Balfour-Browne* (Home University Library.) Holt. $1.

THE BIOLOGY OF INSECTS. By *George H. Carpenter.* Macmillan. $6.50.

THE NEWER KNOWLEDGE OF BACTERIOLOGY AND IMMUNOLOGY. Edited by *Edwin O. Jordan* and *I. S. Falk.* Chicago University Press. $10.

GALATEA OR THE FUTURE OF DARWINISM. By *W. Russell Brain.* Dutton. $1.

POSSIBLE WORLDS. By *J. B. S. Haldane.* Harpers. $2.50.

Sociology

THE FAMILY IN THE MAKING. By *Mary Burt Messer.* Putnam. $3.50.

ELEMENTS OF RURAL SOCIOLOGY. By *Newell L. Sims.* Crowell. $3.75 net.

COMMUNITY PROBLEMS. By *Arthur Evans Wood.* Century. $3.75.

PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY. By *Willystine Goodsell.* Century. $3.50.

CASE STUDIES IN COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION. By *Walter W. Pettit.* Century. $2.25.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIOLOGICAL THEORIES. By *Pitirim Sorokin.* Harpers. $4.

COMMUNITY. By *R. M. Macives.* Macmillan.

RESEARCH IN THE HUMANISTIC AND SOCIAL SCIENCE. By *Frederic Austin Ogg.* Century.

THE BUILDING OF CULTURES. By *Roland B. Dixon.* Scribners. $4.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Worth Knowing

PARAPHS. By HERMANN PÜTERSCHEIN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928.

"IN some countries, as in Spain, the paraph is still in use"—out of the mind's scrap-basket came that enigmatic sentence, pregnant with nothing at all. But at least the sentence served to save our sanity, for in the midst of all this modernism it is only by hanging on to the remnants of an older culture that we can save it: and the word "Paraphs," and the remark about Spain, took us back at once to another century: and having established liaison, we went on with more confidence into the no-man's land of this remarkable book.

"Paraphs," by Hermann Püterschein, is issued by Knopf as "Publication No. 1 of the Society of Calligraphers," that perfectly organized group whose life-secretary is the well-known Boston designer, William Addison Dwiggins. Collectors will find some confusion on several points connected with the Society, because, if memory is not at fault, there have been several other "No. 1's" in its list of publications: though this is the first bound volume to issue from a regular publishing house.

It is a book to delight—and puzzle—the reviewer. For really only two men could properly appraise the book—Püterschein the author, and Dwiggins, his literary agent, who also is the designer of the ornaments and decorations in the book. And author and decorator alike might say, with the poet, "You cannot tell my jag and me apart." Yet, however diffident the reviewer in face of this really delightful book, it is not a volume to be easily dismissed. Is it literature? Possibly not: the style is somewhat stiff and labored. Is it art? Probably yes: it is the work of decorator and author working in closest harmony, and, if sculpture is frozen music, then Mr. Dwiggins's novel decorations are music set down in an amazing new notation.

First then, let us look at the text. There is "The Last Mobilization," included some years ago in the anthology of the year's best short stories; a delightful satire of the late Jay Hambidge's "Dynamic Symmetry"; two gorgeous fantasies—"Night Piece," and "The Tympanum Hypothesis,"—playing, as only an artist can, with Science, the New Mumbo-Jumbo; a deliriously entertaining account of a club-night at the "Pole Star" pub., when the Warden of the Sun was given good advice as to the wigglers he had created on his mud-ball, Earth; and "Traverse," which might be the theme of that motion-picture called "Grass" done into a mystic, fascinating interplay of words.

Then the decorations. Here is, if you please, modernism itself; not the meaningless disposition of unrelated parts, nor the maniacal interposition of plane surfaces attempting to render the four dimensions on a flat surface; rather, really new and rhythmical consorting of elementary curves and lines on a frankly accepted two-dimensioned area, the page. What does all this new method mean? All or nothing, apparently, according as one holds by the old or by the newest of the new. But not negligible; baffling, indefinable, and highly suggestive of a new style which may emerge from the raw material of subway tunnel and set-back façade and statistician's graph.

Five hundred copies of this book have been printed for sale, all signed by the author. The cover and title page, as well as chapter head decorations, as well as the format by Mr. Dwiggins. Banal details of a book which is more distinctive and original than any other which has come from any press for long years. Probably it either will be welcomed with glee or ignored, for it is not like other books. Only the none-too-good type face and the use of familiar English words links it with the past: whether it belongs with the future I do not know, but buy it anyway: it is a rare item, and you will get your money's worth.

R.

Small Items — But Interesting

ONE of the rarest typographic items is likely to be a recent keepsake bearing on the first page, in Arrighi type, the inscription, "Daneili Berkeley Updike: in Arte Typographica Magistroclarissimo; necnow Suis Amico valde dilecto: Salutem atque Laetitiam Amici sui: Hoc Die XV Kal. Junas. A. S. MCMXXVIII," and on the third page a gelatine reproduction of a letter in Latin (from the original in the Vatican Library and hitherto unpublished in full) from Grolier to Francesco d'Asula of the House of Aldus, dated March 14, 1519, with regard to the printing of his edition of De Asse by Budé (1522). Eight copies only of the keepsake have been printed at the Metropolitan Museum Press.

THE Bibliographical Press of Yale University has printed, in an edition of forty-eight copies, an "Address" to Russell Leffingwell, Esq., written in the style of the eighteenth century by Professor Arthur Case, and set in type and printed by the students in the class. The type is Caslon Old Face from the Caslon foundry, and the sheets have been printed on the hand press from forms inked with ink balls.

FOR the American Institute of Graphic Arts, Mr. Bruce Rogers has designed a very lovely typographic book-plate which will be placed in the Institute's collection of fifty books each year.

R.

POOR PRINTING FROM WASHINGTON

EACH year the Public Printer reports on the number of thousands of type-setting machines in the Government Printing-Office, the miles of string used to tie up pages of type, the millions of acres of paper consumed, the tank cars of ink: and each year the printing of the office, in respect of quality, gets worse and worse. The Library of Congress announces a loan exhibition of printers' and publishers' marks from the Otto H. F. Vollbehr collection, by means of an eight-page folder printed at the Government Printing-Office in its usual bad taste. The great establishment at Washington should be able to set a minimum standard for work which would result in at least passable printing. England has done something positive and not bad in this way, but we haven't. One, of course, does not expect the G. P. O. to do a little eight-page circular with any gusto, but it ought to do it with proper margins, paper the right way of the grain, and a few other obvious niceties of printing.

R.

RECENT ACCESSIONS

THE seventh number of the "News Letter" of the Sixty-four-mos has just been received, and is issued from the Salt House Press, Baltimore. Included are articles on "Miniature Newspapers," by Wilbur Macey Stone, "Song Books in Miniature," "Shorthand Books," by T. Warburton, and an announcement of "Microphilology," "a dictionary mostly of big words about little books," by Lewis Turner, which is proposed as a Sixty-four-mo Club publication. This is the most entertaining number yet put forth of what promises to be a distinct addition to periodical literature. I regret that owing to a typographical error in the third line of the second paragraph on page 4, I am unable to oblige the Scrivener, James D. Henderson!

A MISLEADING BIBLIOGRAPHY

MR. ALBERT CAPLAN has just issued, through the Head of Scott Press in Philadelphia, a "bibliography" of Scott. He gives us no preface defining his aim and the scope of the work, and we open it, hoping, at last, for the real, much-needed bibliography of Scott. Immediately we are disappointed; the book is only one more chronological check-list to add to those which already exist.

The description of the first item, Scott's translation from Bürger, "The Chase," and "William and Helen," illustrates the method

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the book. The title-page of the book is not followed, with the result that the compiler's only note remarks its anonymity, which would have been superfluous if he had conformed to bibliographical usage. He reduces Bürger's Christian names to initials, omits the sign of the umlaut from his family name, punctuates at will, reduces the lengthy imprint to three words, and gives no pagination. This is a typical pattern of his descriptions.

Altogether the book adds nothing to the field of Scott bibliography, and, because of its brief, unscientific method of description, its inaccuracy and typographical carelessness, its foundation on secondary sources, it is not a book to be used as a reference guide by collectors or students.

W. H. McC., Jr.

THREE recent publishers' catalogues show more than the customary interest in typography. There is first the "Shelfward Ho!" catalogue of the University Press Association, done in the somewhat anaemic style of the Princeton University Press, but well done, and with an introduction by Christopher Morley. Ginn & Co. issue a list of "Books for Colleges," carefully printed (as all of Ginn work is) in Kennerley type. And finally Macy-Masius issue a saffron colored list of new books, very well worked out as to text pages, but with an indifferent cover.

FROM the Printing-House of William Edwin Rudge comes a pamphlet showing, in letterpress and aquatone, of the Granjon linotype face. I have elsewhere called this one of the very best of machine faces, and the specimen at hand is admirably conceived and executed. Included in the brochure are well-printed illustrations in aquatone, an article on Modernism in Typography by Harry L. Gage, and an assortment of new printers' flowers by Thomas M. Cleland, used too lavishly in the specimen to show to best advantage.

R.

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Wanted to Purchase
5 copies of **"RAZZBERRY"**
EDWARD ANTHONY'S BOOK
Published 1924 by Henry Holt & Company.
Address Letters, Naming Price, to D. N. Parry, 7902 Woodside Ave., Elmhurst, N.Y.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AMERICANA

OVERLAND NARRATIVES, the Indians, Slavery, the Civil War. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

AMERICANA, FIRST EDITIONS, AND miscellaneous books. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscripts and documents of world-famous authors, generals, statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. Send for our priced Catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. Correspondence from owners solicited. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City, Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BACK NUMBERS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW FOR SALE. Volume 1 (fifty-two numbers), $15.00; Volume 2, $10,000; Volume 3, $7.50. Single copies, price on request. Back numbers of all magazines; list free. Salisbury, 78 E. 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

UNEXPURGATED AND UNABRIDGED translations of famous classics at unusually low prices. Cloth bound and illustrated: Boccaccio's Decameron, Heptameron of Navarre; Masuccio; Rabelais' Complete Works; Mademoiselle de Maupin; Balzac's Droll Stories; Rousseau's Confessions (usually sold at $3.50), our temporary price: $1.75 each, four books for $6.75; Aphrodite, by Pierre Louys, illustrated, $8.65; Satyricon of Petronius, translation ascribed to Oscar Wilde, limited edition, $4.80; Songs of Bilitis, $4.80; Last Loves of Henri of Navarre, $6.20. Renaissance Book Company, wholesale and retail booksellers, (Room 3) 131 West 23d Street, New York City.

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS: PIERRE Louys' Songs of Bilitis, limited edition, illustrated and signed by Willy Pogany, $10.00; Stiles' History of Bundling, unusual Colonial custom, $2.50; Apuleius' Golden Asse, $1.25; Petronius' Satyricon, $1.25; Parmelee's New Gymnosophy, introduction by Havelock Ellis, limited edition, illustrated, $6.00; Mark Twain's Fireside Conversation in 1601, limited edition, $2.50; Bayles' Old Taverns of New York, $2.50. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

GOETHE, BRANDES, two vols., ($10.00) $5.00; Songs of Sappho, ($20.00) $10.00. Manhattan Bookshop, 1204 Lexington Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

THE EASTERN BOOK BUREAU, 925 Broadway, New York, specializes only in limited editions, unexpurgated translations, privately printed items, curiosa and esoterica appealing chiefly to discriminating private book collectors. Catalogue upon request.

PRE-INVENTORY SALE; CATALOGUE ready; Samuel Butler's Notebooks, $1.75; complete, unexpurgated Goethe's Faust, illustrated, autographed by Harry Clarke, $10.50; carload of $2.00 and $2.50 fiction at 89 cents. Samuel Scheinbaum, 10 Bible House, New York City.

TARG'S BOOKSTORE OFFERS the best sellers—fiction and non-fiction—at lowest prices. Send for our announcements. "Lowest Prices in Chicago." Targ's Bookstore, 808 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKBINDING

BOOK BINDERS TO BOOK LOVERS. Magazines bound. Books restored and rebound. Have you a pet book you would like nicely bound. Eastman Bindery, 156 Chambers St., New York.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

THE BULWARK, By Theodore Dreiser. A partially published novel issued in the form of an advertising dummy with several pages of text set up. Issued by John Lane. Several copies are known to exist in good state. Report data and quotation to The Saturday Review, Box 35.

SCHEDULE OF RATES FOR advertising on this page: For copy inserted twenty consecutive times, five cents a word; for copy inserted any less number of times, seven cents a word; forms close ten days previous to publication. Dept. V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

CLUBS

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED? "Contacts," literary correspondence club, connects you with versatile, unconventional minds. Books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership fee $2.00 year. Particulars free. Write: Contacts, Box 233-S, Bridgeville, Pa.

FIRST EDITIONS

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON, FIRST Edition, with manuscript notes and additions; Cogan's Haven of Health, 1584 Dresser's Birds of Europe, 1871-'96; Lilford's Birds of Great Britain, 1885-'97; Harvey's Anatomical Exercitations, 1653; other choice items with First Editions, colored plate books, etc., for readers and collectors, 15c to $500. Catalogue 10c, post free from Stephen Hunt, Southborough, Kent, England.

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT; Tristram; We, limited, signed; Morley; Cather; Wilder; Wells; Walpole; Masefield; first editions. Country Book Shop, Greenwich, Conn.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF The Autograph Agency in the Autographs column on this page.

ROSENBACH—Books and Bidders, limited editions, $15.00; Robinson—Roman Barthalow, $5.00; Wilde—A House of Pomegranates, $35.00. The Walden Book Shop, 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

INCUNABULA

FINE COLLECTION OF Incunabula, Miniature Books, Autograph Letters, Voyages, Modern Firsts, Fine Presses. Spring catalogue in preparation. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

LITERARY SERVICES

THE ROBERT CORTEZ HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. "Needless to say," comments THE SATURDAY REVIEW, "we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Altogether individual instruction given by correspondence. Address: *Englewood Cliffs,* New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly, $1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction—Short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

SYDNEY A. SANDERS, fourteen years an established literary agent, in constant personal contact with all major literary, dramatic and motion picture markets, will give assistance and honest criticism of your work, from the editorial viewpoint. 15 East 40th Street, New York City.

SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPTS TO US. We will market them if anyone can. If we cannot, will give reasons and suggestions. Writers' Manuscript Service, P. O. Box 177, Williamsburg, Virginia.

EDITORIAL SERVICE FOR non-fiction writers. Non-fiction revised, typed, edited, criticized, marketed. Reasonable rates. Consolidated Press Service, 872 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, New York.

UNTIL JULY 1ST, SPECIAL PRICES for first-class typing of manuscripts, with editorial revision, carbon copy, prompt return. Authors' Typing Service, 1106 Riverdale St., West Springfield, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY typewritten. Fifty cents thousand words. National Typing Service, Box 255, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARINE BOOKS

SHIP MODEL BUILDING—Slave Ships—Whale Ships—Voyages. Fully illustrated circulars of all our publications free. Marine Research Society, Dept. S., Salem, Massachusetts.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously invited, and afternoon visitors always welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS PROMPTLY supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Caledonia 0047.

PRINTING

AUTHORS, WRITERS, HISTORIANS—Have your work published; we do complete job for you—printing, advertising, sales; send for explanatory folder, "Publishing Your Book." F. H. Hitchcock, 105 West 40th St., New York. Tel. Pennsylvania 0590.

RARE BOOKS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A National Institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 168—Rare Americana, 2463 titles, 309 pp., with illustrations, price 50 cents. Nos. 169 and 174—Autographs, 9758 titles, *free.* No. 171—Genealogy, 4304 titles, price 10 cents. No. 172—Americana. In two parts, 2600 titles, *free.* No. 173—Rare Books, 306 titles, *free.* No. 175—Fine Arts, 1261 titles, *free.* Print Catalogs, and semi-monthly bulletins of Print Exhibitions, *free.* When in Boston browse in Goodspeed's, No. 7 Ashburton Place, 5A Park Street and 2 Milk Street.

BOOK-LOVERS GO TO THE DAUBER and Pine Bookshops first for scarce First Editions, and books on Art, Architecture, books from private presses, Americana, Foreign Books, General Literature, and in general for Old and Unusual volumes difficult to come by. Catalogues issued often and sent free. Prices always reasonable. A visit to our shop is a treat for the bibliophile, for his searches are usually rewarded. Thousands of books on all subjects always in stock. Libraries of any size purchased or catalogued. Dauber and Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

READ RARE BOOKS—MEMBERS throughout the United States read without buying rare, scarce, out-of-print books; limited, privately printed editions; unexpurgated translations. When writing for information, state occupation or profession. Call in person if you prefer. Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc., Dept. G4, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

ODD, CURIOUS, UNUSUAL AND extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

UNUSUAL BOOKS IN Limited Editions, Privately Printed. Lists on request. Nicholas L. Brown, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SUMMER HOMES

A HOME IN SOUTHERN VERMONT can be purchased at a most reasonable price; in the most charming hill country in New England, dotted with lakes and brooks; good fishing and hunting; real early American environment of most unpretentious character. Farms with desirable old houses can be bought from $400 to $2,000. Harold P. White, Brattleboro, Vermont.

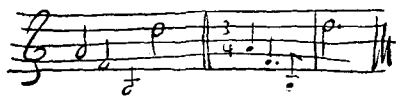
DISCOVERED—A PLACE FOR THOSE who wish to find body-rest and peace of mind, amid beautiful pastoral surroundings; good wholesome food, pleasant companionship, and tennis; only one and one-half hours from Grand Central; $25.00 per week. Hil-Bert House, Lake Mahopac, New York; H. Friedberg, Prop.; Telephone Mahopac 15J.

SPECIALIST

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 415 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . New York



6409

DEEMS TAYLOR has set *The Inner Sanctum's* telephone number—Plaza 6409—to music, and the score is set down here for the benefit of those impatient book-sellers or book-buyers who can't order their copies of *What'll We Do Now?* quickly enough by mail.

The trick of setting telephone numbers to music and the resulting possibilities for uproarious conviviality you will find on page 50 of *What'll We Do Now?*—the new fireside compendium that is giving aid and comfort to the hard-pressed hostesses of America.

In *The Inner Sanctum's* preliminary ballyhoo for *What'll We Do Now?* the names of the principal party-throwers have been featured, but in these pages cavort other genial and gallant notables—the *party-throwees*, so to speak, or the *partycipants* . . . there are scores of them, but a few typical names can be listed here:

Mayor Jimmie Walker
Alfred Aloysius Horn
Joseph Hergesheimer
Franklin P. Adams
George Gershwin
Marion Davies
Marc Connelly
Ring Lardner
W. C. Fields
Harpo Marx
Edna Ferber
Gilda Gray

The title *What'll We Do Now?* seems to have struck the bull's-eye of popular favor, but on the sub-title or accompanying descriptive slogan *The Inner Sanctum* wavers among many possibilities, seeking a great and not-too-solemn referendum of its readers to select the most alluring phrase from the following:

Various Ways of Keeping the Party at Full Cry
First Aid Till the Milkman Comes
Now Is the Time for All Good Men to Come to the Aid of Their Party
The Party Book
A Thousand and One Nights with America's Greatest Party-Throwers

On Friday, June 8th, *The Inner Sanctum* releases the second *Trader Horn* book—sub-titled: *Harold the Webbed, or the Young Vykings.*

WILLIAM MCFEE, who writes the foreword for *Trader Horn—Volume Two,* says that "this naive fairy bed-time story of an aged adventurer . . . evokes in us an almost breathless fascination. . . ."

A somewhat different but perhaps equally effective tribute to the forthcoming *Trader Horn* (the first volume is still a paramount best-seller) is contained in the following letter from *The Inner Sanctum's* paper-vendor, THE PERKINS AND SQUIER COMPANY.

Messrs. Simon and Schuster
37 West 57th Street
New York City
Gentlemen:

With reference to your paper order of recent date for the first edition of TRADER HORN—VOLUME TWO, *to be published Friday, June 8th, there are several facts that might prove interesting to you.*

This is the largest order for paper tonnage for a single book that we have ever handled or heard of, except the paper order on a HAROLD BELL WRIGHT *novel more than three years ago.*

1250 reams, 37 x 49—144/500 P & S Wove, amounting to 180,000 pounds, were shipped from the P. H. Glatfelter Company at Spring Grove, Pa., to the VAIL-BALLOU COMPANY *at Binghamton, N. Y., requiring five freight cars to handle the shipment.*

—ESSANDESS.

The HISTORY *of*
OLD ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA
From 1749 to 1861.
By MARY G. POWELL
In an edition limited to 1000 copies, with 12 illustrations.
$5.00
DISTRIBUTED BY THE AUTHOR
BRADDOCK HEIGHTS, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

WE are glad to hear of a new literary periodical which is to be published in England on the first Tuesday in each month. The initial issue appeared yesterday. The magazine is called *Life and Letters,* and its editor is *Desmond MacCarthy,* so well known as Literary Editor and "Affable Hawk" of *The New Statesman. Life and Letters* will aim at variety, will contain notices of new books resembling rather the confidential reports of Publishers' Readers on manuscripts sent them than ordinary reviews, will feature authoritative bibliographies which are not merely lists of books, and will publish notes upon the papers which have been set in the past on literature by the examining authorities of the Universities and the Civil Service, with a view to giving practical assistance to English students in their coming examinations. As for contributions, while *Life and Letters* will not rely on famous names, it says it can count upon the support of such writers as *E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Max Beerbohm, Lytton Strachey, Sir Edmund Gosse, Professor Grierson, Logan Pearsall Smith, Roger Fry,* and *Santayana. Life and Letters* will be published for the proprietors by the Statesman Publishing Company, Ltd., at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The subscription rate is fourteen shillings per annum, post free to any address in the world. . . .

Although everyone knows the literary reputation of *Rebecca West,* perhaps few have heard of her sister, *Letitia Fairfield,* who is both a doctor and a barrister-at-law. Miss Fairfield has just written a pamphlet for the Medical Women's Federation regarding the legal responsibilities of medical practitioners, professional secrecy, expert evidence, post-mortems, etc. Her discussion of these matters is said to be extremely lucid and skilful. She recently returned from Holland, where she took part in a conference of Roman Catholic women. The uncle of both "Rebecca West" and Miss Letitia Fairfield is *Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie,* the celebrated musician. . . .

The Spanish Academy prize was recently awarded to *Dr. Hugo Wast,* the Argentine millionaire novelist, for his "Black Valley." He is now making a tour of the world with his wife and ten children. . . .

Liam O'Flaherty's latest novel, "The Assassin," is tactfully dedicated to his creditors! . . .

Last year *Sean O'Casey,* the Irish playwright, married *Miss Eileen Carey,* the actress. He is now the father of a son. He has just completed a new play, part of which is staged behind the lines in the Great War. . . .

John Erskine is said to be working upon a new novel which does not involve historical research, but is an attempt to portray the American scene as he viewed it on his lecture tour. . . .

While on tour in "The Constant Wife," it is reported that *Ethel Barrymore's* chosen reading has been "The Greene Murder Case," and "Blue Voyage," by *Conrad Aiken.* . . .

N. C. Wyeth is finishing a set of illustrations for a special edition of "Drums" by *James Boyd,* which the Scribners will bring out in the Autumn. . . .

Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford will soon publish a book called "Walking," by *George Macaulay Trevelyan,* to which *J. Brooks Atkinson* has written an introduction. Here the distinguished historian writes vividly of his favorite recreation. . . .

The latest James Tait Black Memorial Award in fiction, of 250 pounds, has gone to *Francis Brett Young* for his last year's novel, "Love is Enough." Previous winners of this prize, in fiction, have been *Hugh Walpole, D. H. Lawrence, Walter de la Mare, David Garnett, Arnold Bennett, E. M. Forster,* and *Liam O'Flaherty.* There are two James Tait Black awards. The other is for the best biography of the year preceding. These awards were founded by the late *Mrs. Janet Coats Black* in memory of her husband, who was a partner in the great London publishing firm of A. & C. Black, Ltd. The awards are made annually by the Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. . . .

S. Foster Damon recently reviewed in *The Saturday Review of Literature* a book entitled "Astrology: Your Place in the Sun." The price quoted on this book was two dollars and a half. This was the original price, but all editions except the first have been priced at three dollars. We mention this fact in justice to the publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company. . . .

It is said that on the publication day of the English edition of *Margot Asquith's* first novel, "Octavia," a furniture van drew up to her home in Bloomsbury, London. Remarking this unusual occurrence, a friend asked her if she were planning to give up her home. Lady Oxford nonchalantly replied that she had no such intention, but rather that she was leaving to stay all night with her son, *"Puffin" Asquith,* on the Underground, where he was about to take pictures for the new film he is directing. . . .

Dorothy Parker's "Sunset Gun," her new book of poems, is just out. Hooray, hooray, hooray, is all we can say! And it is doubly pleasant to know that she has, at the same time, recovered from her appendicitis. . . .

We saw something on Forty-fifth Street the other day that was pleasing. An attractive young woman and a pram and one of the prettiest babies we have ever seen. On the baby's perambulator was hung a sign, "Little Patsy wants you to buy his Daddy's books," or something like that. So we bought a pamphlet for ten cents, a work entitled "The Destruction of a Modern Babylon" and subtitled "A Metrical Composition." The baby smiled at us most affably, indicating that so far as he—or she—was concerned, he (or she) didn't have the slightest idea what it was all about, but was enjoying the view and the attention of passers-by on a sunny afternoon. We took his father's pamphlet home and found that the language in which it was cast was termed by the author "Oliveristic Art," the author being one, *Howard R. Oliver,* who thought New York City was in a pretty terrible way and that it was within the bounds of possibility that God might one day destroy it by an earthquake. Uh-huh, maybe. We can't say that Mr. Oliver is a boss poet; his style leaves a good deal to be desired. But his "Necropolis" is now on the press, and coming soon from his pen are "The Soul of the Artist" and "The Masque of Death-House Shadows." And his address, if you want to know, is 231 West 77th Street. We congratulate him upon a wife with lots of courage and initiative, and upon one of the most ingratiating babies we have seen for moons. Sure, we're sentimental. Well? . . .

And now, just as we'd begun to get used to it, *T. S. Eliot's The Monthly Criterion* has gone back to its quarterly form and has become again simply *The Criterion.* The next number will be published this month (June). The number of pages will be at least double that of the Monthly, and may be further increased. The publishers, of course, are Faber & Gwyer, Ltd., 24, Russell Square, London, W. C. 1. . . .

"Prelude to a Rope for Myer," by *L. Steni,* is a new English novel published by Jonathan Cape over there which we have found of special interest. Although Steni writes in rather too florid a fashion he has power and observes life shrewdly. . . .

Humbert Wolfe's "Cursory Rhymes," to be published by Doubleday, Doran, seem to us full of life and gaiety and a certain magic. . . .

Upon reading of *Thornton Wilder's* being awarded the Pulitzer prize, writes *Mrs. John Stewart Burgess,* she burst into the following:

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"
Is certainly having its day;
But why it's the vogue
With saint and with rogue
Is not quite so easy to say.

Its emphasis isn't on "It,"
For clergy or spinster it's fit;
It's not crude, it's not vile;
Has finish, has style,
So how come that it's making a hit?

. . . Well, see you in swimming!

THE PHOENICIAN.

THANK, You, F.P.A.!
That was a handsome compliment.
The Pulitzer Prize Awards having aroused our own Pepysian diarist he wrote, in *The World:*
"Last year if we had been a member of the committee we'd have fought to the death for
Dorothy Parker's
ENOUGH ROPE
and this year for
Samuel Hoffenstein's
POEMS IN PRAISE of PRACTICALLY NOTHING"
Both books are issued by BONI and LIVERIGHT (publishers of
Eugene O'Neill's
STRANGE INTERLUDE
another Pulitzer prize winner).
All these to be had wherever GOOD BOOKS are bought, borrowed or stolen, as follows:
ENOUGH ROPE, 12th Ed. $2.00
POEMS . . . . 6th Ed. $2.00
STRANGE INTERLUDE, 4th Ed. $2.50
Boni & Liveright, N.Y.
GOOD B&L BOOKS

HAVELOCK ELLIS
Philosopher Of Love
"Ellis has been the vivid spokesman of a modern mood, and this book will be necessary to and welcomed by all those thousands who find in him a liberating voice." —*Irwin Edman in the New York Herald-Tribune.*
Houghton Mifflin Co.
Illus. $4.50.
HOUSTON
PETERSON

BLIGHT
BY ANN RICE
A POIGNANT NEW NOVEL • SWIFTLY TOLD. 2.50
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED